June 6, 1950 25c

BEHIND AND BEYOND McCARTHY —A ROUNDUP

The Reporter

FINAL DAILY NEWS 3¢
RED RING HAD AID IN WHITE HOUSE
Spy Queen Tells of 50 Agents
Journal American EDITION
Hiss, Wadleigh Led U. S. Peace Planners
Bare Horrors REPORT BARES WAF SERGEANT
Daily Mirror 3¢
NEW DEAL HEADS ED RED NETWORK
Charge White House T... of Ring in 1939
YORK Tribune Edition FIVE CENTS
Jessup Denies Tie to Reds; Truman Upholds Acheson
Capehart Bids Acheson and Frankfurter Quit;
Says 4 New Dealers Led Red Underground
I'm No Pinko, Miss Kenyon Tells Senators
Refuses to Say He Is Or Isn't A Communist
U. S. Standards Chief Called Red Spies' Pal
By JERRY GREENE
ACHESON UNFIT, M'CARTHY SAYS; RIPS MARSHALL
BLOND SPY TAKES STAND
WHITTAKER CHAMBERS' OWN STORY REVEALS:
How Spies' Ring Operated
New Dealers in Ring
ARCH 14, 1950
Three Named As Pro-Reds In State Dept.
McCarthy Presents Charges at Inquiry
Lists Lattimore, Hanson and Mrs. E.C. Brunauer; They All Enter Denials
Remington Bared A-Bomb Secrets
By KENT HUNTER
McCarthy Accuses 3 State Aids as Pinkos
OUST-ACHESON DRIVE PLANNED
WHERRY SAYS ACHESON IS 'RISK' AND MUST GO
FINAL DAILY NEWS 3¢
EX-RED NAMES 5 NEW DEALERS
Tells of Washington Spy Ring

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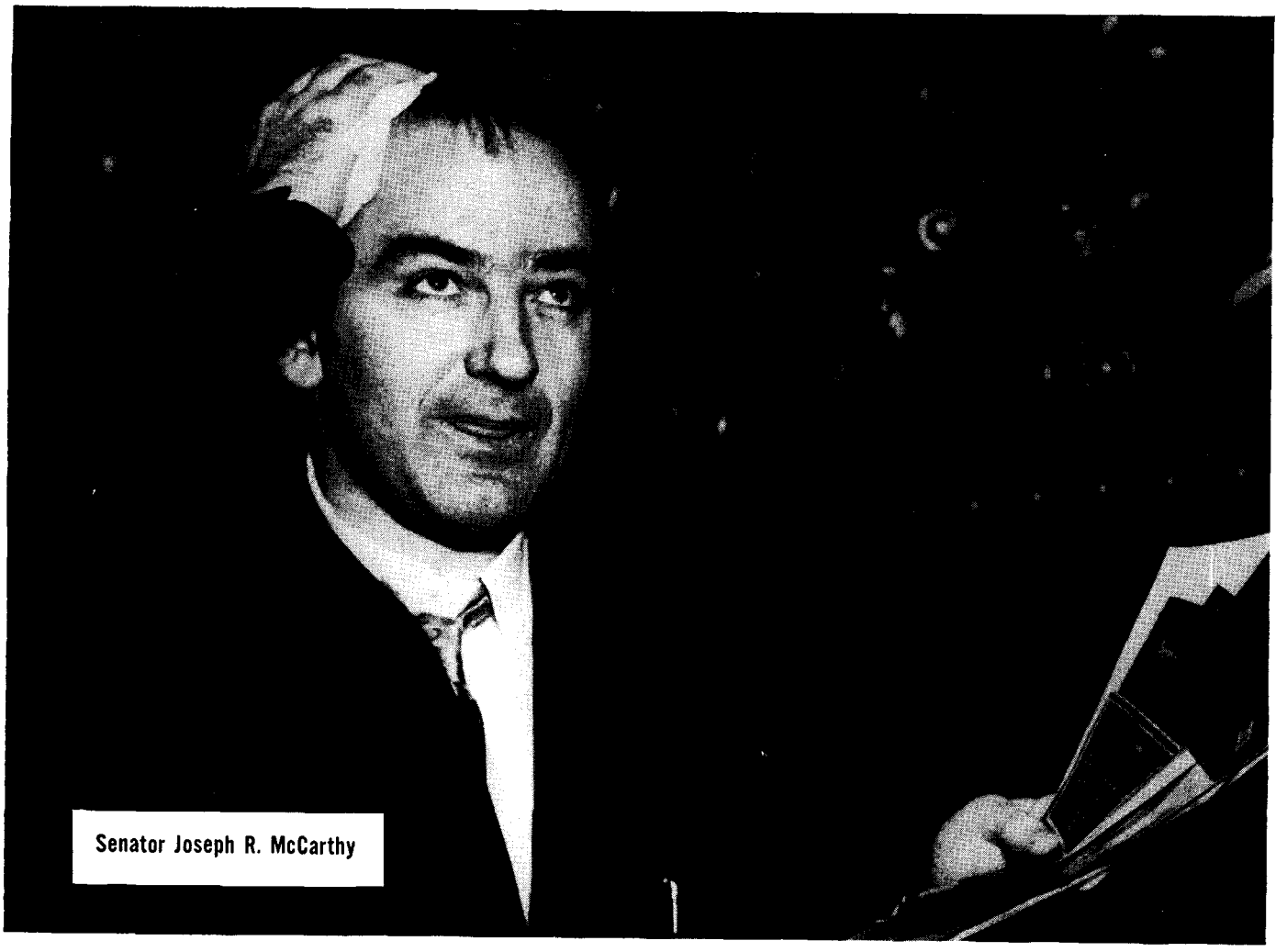

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy

Owen Lattimore of Johns Hopkins

Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup

Haldore Hanson of the State Department

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Politics First

Remarkable things happened during the Paris and London conferences. We feel like offering bouquets all around: to Secretary Acheson, who had every possible reason to be distraught and unprepared when he reached Europe, and who on the contrary held his own with great distinction, as becomes the Secretary of State of the United States; to Foreign Minister Schuman, who timed beautifully the launching of his plan for Franco-German agreement on steel and coal; to Secretary Bevin, who concluded the London conference on a high note of statesmanship and hope.

Gradually, we and the nations on our side are learning how to put foundations under the house we live in. The new international partnerships, the joint operation of economic affairs give fresh strength to the coalition of the western nations. The spark of opposing interests among allies, which in other circumstances might have led to conflict or even to war, now is sufficiently controlled to provide the combustion that keeps the machine going.

We are achieving some unity in economic and military matters; but this is not all that we need, not by a long shot. Interallied economic action is essentially defensive in nature, for it is designed to give the people on our side strength enough to resist the Communist delusion. Interallied military co-operation again is for defensive purposes only: Indeed, the more closely we work with Europeans, the more we realize how impossible it would be—should we ever think of it—to drag them into an offensive war.

But who is planning the political offensive—the sustained aggressive campaign to give hope to the peoples oppressed by Communism and to put fear into the hearts of the Communist oppressors? This is essentially a political conflict, and we cannot win it without a long-range, interallied political strategy. Only political considerations can determine the aims of our offensive, the priority of our targets, the sacrifices that we and our allies can bear. The soldier thinks in terms of what is defendable; the economist or businessman in terms of returns, no matter how delayed. Only the politician and the statesman can think of the measures that must be taken to strengthen the soul of man and give courage to his beliefs.

Who is taking care of politics, constantly, day in and day out, at the highest level of interallied planning and action? Who is making plans for the peace we want to achieve—not for clever gimmicks or bags of tricks? This is a terribly earnest struggle we are in. By remaining on the defensive we let the enemy decide how and where we will spend our resources. If we keep the soldier and the economist in their proper role, which is to protect our flanks while we carry the political offensive to the enemy, then some day we can bring this ghastly thing to an end.

Poor Britain

Since the last election and probably in anticipation of the next, Britain has been taking a big beating in the United States. Magazines have published articles explaining that Britain is recovering—but only in spite of its government. Now, in the speeches of prominent Republicans, Britain is berated just about as severely as the China policy of the State Department. Generally, it is said that Britain, having achieved a well-integrated economy within its boundaries, is the major obstacle to European or Atlantic integration.

One day, in a burst of anti-British feeling, our House of Representatives passed a resolution excluding Britain from ECA aid as long as Ireland is partitioned. Other legislators may some day get up on the floor of the Senate or of the House and propose more drastic measures against this nation whose disorderly conduct and austere profligacy shock the world. Senator McCarran, for instance, could propose that we give expression to our disapproval of British behavior by withdrawing our ambassador from London. Mr. Lewis Douglas could be sent to Madrid—where a government is in power that has been highly praised in Congress lately.

Speaking of Spain

In our next issue we will report on Franco's Spain, and we can hardly wait to bring it out. In line with the policy of *The Reporter,* we do not call names, but point out facts.

Of course, we don't like Franco, and we don't know a single thing about him that we find commendable. In just the same way we don't like Generalissimo Trujillo, but we would not dream of devoting a series of articles to him. So many people live under oppression these days that sometimes one is forced to leave them in the privacy of their misery.

But with Franco it is different, for a coalition of various interests that want him as an ally is gaining increasing strength in our country. Most of those who labor to bring Franco on our side are, we believe, misguided or uninformed.

Our report on Franco is dedicated particularly to them—those men in and out of the government whose thinking on Franco's Spain is marred by prejudice, sentimentality, or fear.

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Correspondence

Mr. Reuther Take Note

To the Editor: Although I have spent more working years on someone else's payroll than as an employer, Victor Reuther's statement of labor's case for pensions made me fighting mad. Mr. Reuther may be eminently qualified to speak for a million UAW members, but he is talking through a derby hat when he undertakes to analyze the pension problem for the small businessman and his workers.

His assertion, "If a small employer can afford a ten-cent-an-hour wage increase, he can afford ten cents an hour for pensions," is what a country lawyer would call "a show of pure, willful ignorance." If Mr. Reuther had ever been a small businessman—as small as the vast variety of enterprisers whose activity supports the U.S. rural economy, for example—he would know that the operator of such a business cannot, and never does, give raises to all his employees indiscriminately.

The average very-small employer gives a raise to reward loyal, consistent, productive effort. He seeks thus to encourage more of the same—and to show other employees what their practical opportunities in his business are.

It is utter rubbish for Mr. Reuther to argue as though a ten-cent-an-hour raise given now to one or two deserving workers in a small establishment were no different than the assumption on their behalf of a pension obligation to be met ten or twenty years hence.

The five industrious Yankees, male and female, on my payroll would snort in disgust at such tomfoolery. They know almost to a penny what I can afford to do for them during their employment in my eighty-seven-year-old printing business. They have scant respect for the artisan or laborer who cannot develop his skill to the point where his earned wages will provide for savings set aside for old age. They don't care to be treated like spoiled, improvident children, nor do they think that I am a better judge than they are of what form their savings should take. They are singularly out of style, according to Mr. Reuther, in failing to pity themselves because some day they will be too old to work.

Lastly, lest Mr. Reuther conclude that my employees are being horribly abused and oppressed, I might add that almost all of them could walk out tomorrow and make nearly double their present pay working for a city printer, with or without union cards. Why they remain with me I leave him to puzzle out. But I believe it will be a sad day for the U.S. automobile industry—and the UAW—when the last small businessman is converted to Mr. Reuther's ideas. A lot of country people who work for a living will have to stop buying shiny new cars, because their jobs will have vanished into thin air—to leave money in the till for pensions for the rest. I doubt if the latter will work long enough to receive those pensions in due course, either—at least in a little shop like mine.

The plain truth, as Mr. Reuther seems not to have discovered, is that prosperity for us all depends on how many of us work—and how hard we work—every day in the year. Whatever lessens chances of jobs for the available workers today hurts us all tomorrow. We cannot secure our old age by paying out more than we take in, nor forget that every worker is also a consumer, whose living standards fall whenever prices rise in relation to what he earns. We are losing, individually and as a nation, our faith in the ability of the individual to maintain his rights, whether those rights are political, economic, or social. And it seems a pity, because the rest of the world is watching us as never before. We are a great nation—but we are forgetting how we became one, while we whine and bicker over inequalities that legislation cannot remove. If Mr. Reuther and his friends in organized labor wish to see us go forward toward the goals they profess to seek, let them resolve to forget nineteenth-century capitalists' errors and remember that we are all of us today facing the biggest job in history, together.

EDWARD ANDROVETTE
Canaan, New Hampshire

'Nie Wieder!'

To the Editor: In the middle of Ernest Leiser's May 23 story "'*Nie Wieder*—Never Again,'" on the German attitude toward rearmament, there appears the name of Kurt von Manteuffel. Leiser himself doubtless knows Manteuffel's background, but I wonder whether most of your readers do.

On December 16, 1944, this lieutenant general hurled his Fifth Panzer Army against the U.S. 4th, 28th, and 106th Divisions with the order, "Forward march, march! In remembrance of our dead comrades, and therefore on their orders, and in remembrance of the tradition of our proud Wehrmacht!" One division of Manteuffel's army made the deepest penetration of the Ardennes offensive, and one of his corps conducted the siege of Bastogne.

While it is true that virtually all the atrocities and violations of the rules of war perpetrated by the Germans during the Battle of the Bulge occurred in the northern sector—of the Sixth SS Panzer Army—I consider it questionable, "in remembrance of *our* dead comrades," whether Manteuffel should be allowed to consult with Adenauer regarding the reconstruction of German military power, as he did in January of this year. "*Nie Wieder!*" say I.

MALCOLM EDDY
Ecorse, Michigan

Contributors

William H. Hessler, columnist for the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* is the author of *Operation Survival* and contributes regularly to *The Reporter.* . . . Stuart Long, veteran newspaperman and radio commentator in Austin, Texas, writes for national magazines. . . . Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, political correspondent and analyst for the Paris daily *Le Monde,* is visiting the United States at the invitation of Congress under the provisions of the Mundt-Smith Act. During the war he trained in America and became a fighter pilot in the Free French Air force. . . . J. H. Huizinga, London correspondent for the *New Rotterdam Courant,* has recently published a series of articles on the British Commonwealth. He has written and lectured extensively on the subject of Africa. . . . Edmund Wilson, critic, playwright, and novelist, recently returned from a trip to Haiti. . . . Christopher Gerould is a free-lance writer working from New York. . . . James Baldwin, who has written for *Commentary* and *Partisan Review,* is now in Paris at work on a novel. He has held a Rosenwald fellowship and a Harper's Eugene Saxton Memorial fellowship. . . . J. K. Galbraith, author of *Modern Competition and Business Policy* and *The Economic Effects of the Federal Public Works Expenditures,* lectures at the Harvard Graduate School of Public Administration. . . . Cover photographs from Harris & Ewing, Acme, Wide World, Hamilton Wright.

The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

June 6, 1950 Volume 2, No. 12

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Editorial

The G. O. P.'s Choice

Nothing is easier than to become hysterical about hysteria. It takes more than Joseph McCarthy to subvert America and destroy its liberties. But he may well ruin one of our two major political parties—his own.

No matter how desolate the landscape of American politics may sometimes appear, our two-party system has been singularly effective in driving and keeping underground some, if not all, of the nastiest anti-racial, anti-religious, and anti-liberal movements. To our shame, it is still possible to measure the extent of anti-Negro sentiment in the Southern region by examining the election returns. But since the Presidential election of 1928, there has been no way of assessing the strength of anti-Catholicism—or anti-Semitism—for neither of the two major parties has allowed these prejudices to become campaign issues. Deprived of proportional representation in American politics, they have been forced to live their bleak lives in a political underworld.

Since the war, our bipartisan foreign policy has driven isolationists underground. Professional haters of organized labor and of basic New Deal social reforms have also had to take refuge in the underworld, for both our parties want votes—as many as they can get—from every possible category of citizens.

Now Senator McCarthy seems to have tapped, quite accidentally, a reservoir of long-hidden malice. He has offered the American people a chance to escape the rigors of the world civil war against international Communism by fighting their own private civil war against the McCarthy-made Communists at home. For months now fumes of malevolence and hatred have been gushing out of the Senate of the United States.

This is a nuisance but not yet a pestilence—particularly if we consider that of all the questions President Truman was asked during his recent tour, not one was about McCarthy or Communists in the State Department. But the ominous thing is that so far the Republican Party has not repudiated the youthful anarchist from Wisconsin. On the contrary, execrations against "State Department Communists" have become routine in the pre-election speeches of high-ranking Republicans.

This is happening exactly at the time when we most urgently need a strong opposition party, capable, if it is returned to power, of leading the nation in the global conflict against Communism. In our days, the constituency of the American government has become much larger than the American electorate. The nations on our side are so dependent on us that without our assistance and advice they could not survive. As far as we are concerned, if these nations should move or be dragged into the Communist camp, our own survival would be endangered.

The destiny of the American people rests on a broad system of alliances, very much as in 1789 the destiny of the thirteen former colonies rested on the union they had established to secure the firm conduct of common affairs. The emerging order is not likely to have much in common with our Federal structure. Yet our victory depends on a purposeful synchronization of efforts between ourselves and the allied nations.

These allies of ours are the new constituents of the American government. They have no representation on Capitol Hill. Our politicians cannot look to them for votes. Yet the welfare and strength of the allied nations have become necessary conditions for the welfare and strength of the American electorate. The way these nations run their economies is very much our concern. The time has come when we cannot protect our production and our standard of living simply by raising our customs duties.

The function of our major political parties today is to link the local, sectional, and occupational interests of the American people to the broader international structure, of which America is the decisive, but by no means the only, part. It is the politicians' job to weave special interests into broad comprehensive national policies. The politicians know how to swap horses, roll logs, weigh and assess the voting strength of the various lobbies. At this particular time in our history we need good politicians as much as we need good statesmen, for politics is the practical instrument for carrying out the designs of statesmanship, and for reconciling the desirable with the feasible.

In or out of office, the G.O.P. could still advocate, as its basic tenets, self-reliance, local initiative, caution in public spending—at home and abroad. It could be the party that stands for larger popular participation—at home and abroad—in the solution of economic or political difficulties. It could bend all its energies to the defense of private enterprise here at home and wherever else it can function.

Our bipartisan foreign policy will be little more than an extended moratorium on isolationism, unless the Republican Party contributes to the making of governmental decisions with a global—domestic and foreign—policy of its own.

The G.O.P. came out of the Civil War as the champion of the united, integrated nation, a party that had no patience with loose programs and loose spending. Now it can put these traditions to work in the new dimension of our politics.

Or else it can follow McCarthy.

—Max Ascoli

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Ordeal by Headline

The Congressional smear violates our hard-won legal safeguards

In the year 501, King Gundibald of the Burgundians gave formal sanction to the ordeal by battle—the judicial duel—as a means of settling what we now call legal disputes. Before and after Gundibald, ordeals of various kinds were a normal means of determining criminal guilt or innocence—ordeals by hot water, by cold water, by fire. The ordeal died hard, but by the thirteenth century, Popes and lay rulers were making an end of it. Now, in a new form, it has reappeared.

The ordeal has three essential elements. First, guilt or innocence is determined by chance or irrational factors. Second, the trial is part of the punishment. Third, the ordeal satisfies the tribe by finding a scapegoat.

In our own time, in the cold hysteria of mid-twentieth-century America, the justice of our courts of law is curiously supplemented by a tribal procedure we might call ordeal by headline. The three elements of the ordeal are all contained in this new version. The victim is accused in print and pilloried by publicity. If later proved innocent in a court of law, he must rebuild his damaged reputation as best he can.

Through the centuries, western man has built up a marvelous tradition of liberty under law. Slowly and at great cost, the law has been fashioned for the protection of individuals against capricious or arbitrary judgments and punishments. In this, as in many other countries, a bill of rights defines and guarantees each man's liberty.

In the Constitution, trial by jury is assured, and treason is very carefully defined. Reacting against the flagrant abuse of the charge of treason in the England of the Tudors and Stuarts, the Constitution forbids any conviction for that offense except on the "Testimony of two Witnesses to the same overt Act, or on Confession in open Court."

One of the most fundamental principles of our tradition of freedom is that a person is presumed innocent unless and until he is proved guilty. A vital corollary is the legal principle that a person has a property right in his reputation. The law has been developed to protect these principles. In our Federal system no person may be held to answer for a serious crime except on indictment by a grand jury, which weighs the preliminary evidence in secret and then decides whether the person should be publicly tried, and precisely what charge should be brought against him. Humiliation and loss of reputation are not visited on individuals unless a grand jury is shown—by evidence, not mere accusation—that a trial is warranted. To the same end, the laws of libel and slander as well as the right to privacy, protect the citizen's stake in his own good name.

In criminal proceedings, the citizen is protected by his constitutional rights to know the nature of the accusation against him, to demand the appearance of witnesses in his favor, and to obtain the aid of counsel. He cannot be twice placed in jeopardy for the same offense. And the statute of limitations fixes time limits after which an action cannot be initiated at law.

All of these safeguards have been bypassed more and more in recent years.

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The smear has become a studied art, conducted extensively through legislative investigating committees and the publicity supplied by the press. Inquiries become inquisitions; lacking the power to prosecute, committees persecute instead. Investigations of public problems, proper and essential in themselves, become probes of individuals. Under the bright light of legislative inquiry, people do not have the protection they would enjoy in courts of law.

Dr. Edward U. Condon, Director of the National Bureau of Standards, was denounced in Congress as "one of the weakest links in our atomic security." If he had been accused of robbing a bank or murdering his mother-in-law, he would have been bound over to a grand jury for a *private* investigation. But his supposed offense was the equivalent of treason, and the accuser was a committee of Congress. So he was subjected to the ordeal by headline. Unproved accusations and irrelevant, malicious fragments of hearsay were read into the record and got front-page billing. In the end, Dr. Condon was completely exonerated. But he suffered months of humiliation; and the property right he had in his splendid national reputation was invaded.

Owen J. Lattimore provides a different sort of example. Unlike Dr. Condon, he was not a public official, but he was denounced in the Senate as "the top Russian espionage agent" in the United States. At this writing, no evidence to establish this amazing accusation has appeared. By brief quotations from his works, lifted out of context and linked with innuendo, it was shown that some of the policies Dr. Lattimore favored in the Far East were those the Soviet Union favored. By the same inverted logic, it might be shown that Senator Robert A. Taft was a trusted employee of Adolf Hitler in 1940-1941, when he opposed preparedness measures that Hitler certainly opposed too.

Since the loyalty of Dr. Lattimore is still under investigation as this is written, he cannot be cited with certainty either as an innocent victim or as a Communist brought to book. But it is pertinent to observe that a Senate subcommittee can never establish his guilt or innocence, *except in the public mind*. Its conclusions may or may not be accurate, but it cannot hand down a legal verdict or pronounce sentence.

Such is the legal position. To punish Dr. Lattimore by the conventional means—imprisonment—it still is necessary to prove his guilt in a court of law. But he can be made a pariah, a despicable creature, an outcast, regardless of whether, by law, he is guilty of the charges leveled at him under the cover of Senatorial immunity.

Obviously, legislators must be immune for what they say on the floors of Congress. Freedom to debate without fear of reprisal is essential to democratic self-government. Nor can we doubt the importance of the investigative function of Congress, through its committees. Congress cannot legislate wisely if it cannot first investigate thoroughly. But the task of the committees of Congress is to *gather* information, not to *disseminate* information—or misinformation. Goaded by a lust for headlines, committee members have often forgotten that their rightful task is simply to accumulate the data on which they can form judgments.

Patently, the press has a major role in the conduct of the ordeal by headline. It provides the mechanism of public accusation and punishment. Newspapers are competitive. They print what is news, unless it is libelous. And they have an *obligation* to print the news, savory or unsavory. Undeniably, accusations made in Congress or its committees are news. They are also privileged, and can be printed without legal responsibility. However, the mechanics of the daily press does not include safeguards for the individual akin to those of our courts. There is no means by which hearsay, for example, is segregated from genuine evidence. Newspapers thus become the tools, often the reluctant tools, of unscrupulous legislators.

A glance back through the major lines of Congressional investigation shows how deeply rooted in the tribal pattern this ordeal by headline really is. In the wake of the First World War, Senator Gerald P. Nye launched the great investigations of the munitions

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makers—the "merchants of death"—who were pilloried for plotting wars, though their sins were not proved. The depression also brought its train of investigations. This time investment bankers and managers were the targets.

In this new postwar period, neither merchants of death nor bankers are in line for the ordeal. Yet with the somber shadow of atomic warfare over them, and the malevolent specter of Communism edging closer, the American people are once more ready to believe the worst. This time, the fury of an apprehensive nation is being directed at those who may be, or may safely be accused of being, Communists, pro-Communists, or fellow travelers. And of course there are enough genuine Communists and blundering fellow travelers at large to give the color of validity and necessity to what is in deeper truth a witch hunt. In most respects, we have come a long way since Gundibald and the ordeals by fire and water. But in times of great fear, the nation is ready to jettison the hard-won principle that guilt must be proved by evidence, to revive the barbarous ritual of the ordeal by headline.

The presses roar by day and night; the newsboys cry on thousands of street corners across the nation their garbled, laconic distillations of monumental untruths uttered in Congress. Small men of great ambition address a jury of 150 millions of people, impaneled by their common fears. Small people besmirch the reputations of those who are eminent and therefore vulnerable. The immunity designed to ensure courageous debate becomes a shield for cowardice, and reaches down through editors and headline writers to newsboys, covering them all as they play their diverse roles in the ordeal.

The grand jury, product of a thousand years of progress towards civil liberty, languishes in shadow. Fashioned to protect the privacy and good name of the individual, it has been bypassed. When the tribe is stampeded by fear, it requires a more dramatic propitiation of its gods than can be permitted by the secrecy of the grand jury and the ordered procedures of our constitutional law. The ordeal by headline meets a deep, inchoate tribal yearning which the veneer of our juridical tradition can neither conceal nor contain.

—William H. Hessler

U. S. Communists—1950

Their numbers and influence seem on the wane

Except for hypochondriacs, who diagnose cancer at the first sign of a lump, it is hard to imagine anyone believing seriously that the American Communists are on the threshold of power. But in the continuing blur of revelations and accusations, which has naturally made their influence seem larger than life size, almost no effort has been made to see just where, in fact, they are.

No one can establish this precisely. For example, the matter of espionage, certainly a crucial sector of Communist activity, cannot possibly be appraised —except perhaps by the police authorities. Nor can anyone avoid a considerable degree of error in evaluating even the more public aspects of the Communists' work, given the so-called "submarine" pattern of their behavior and the huge library of folklore about it. (The Un-American Activities Committee alone has published 21,400 pages of fact and legend.)

Nevertheless, there is enough factual evidence to take a rough measure; and it establishes beyond doubt that the Communists are slipping badly.

Numerical strength alone is not an accurate gauge of Communist influence, but it has a comparative value. At its peak in 1947, the official Communist membership was 82,618 out of a national population of 145,000,000. Today, the party claims 46,750, and J. Edgar Hoover puts the figure at 55,000 (presumably counting FBI agents). Hoover estimates that for every Communist there are ten fellow travelers. This would mean that half a million Americans listen to the party's call.

This is a pretty loose figure. If it is correct, it is hard to understand why the *Daily Worker's* circulation is only 23,000, and the Sunday *Worker's*, 72,000 (including the hostile readers who buy the paper to see what the Communists are up to). Nor can we tell how far Mr. Hoover's half million would travel; how many would join a political strike or commit sabotage, and how many would do no more than sign a petition, kick in a few dollars, and vote for a Communist-supported candidate.

It is more helpful to examine the areas of national life that the Communists themselves consider decisive. In the official structure of the party, there are eleven "concentration" commissions. The major ones are labor, Negroes, youth, and foreign-language groups.

The labor commission, headed by John Williamson, is far and away the most important. The party calls itself the vanguard of the working class, but it has always suffered from a shortage of working-class members. At no time have they made up much more than half its membership. But today the percentage is close to an all-time low.

Of the sixty million wage earners in America, some fifteen million are organized. The AFL claims over seven million, and the CIO claimed six before the expulsion of left-wing unions began. Except for forages into the hotel and restaurant trades and a few Hollywood unions, the Communists never made serious inroads into the AFL. For several years, they did have considerable influence in the CIO, but it was never as great as popular myth would have us believe. They never approached control in basic industries like steel and coal, and their reign in the auto union was brief and uneasy. But by controlling a few large unions and several small ones, they controlled about half the votes on the national CIO board.

Except for vestigial remains, they have by now been rooted out of the CIO. Their first great setback came in 1947, when the million-member UAW drove them out of power. There followed major defections among pro-Communist leaders, the most disastrous being

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those of Mike Quill of the Transport Workers and Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union.

After that, the general purge came swiftly. Since its convention last fall, the CIO has either expelled or scheduled for expulsion all the Communist-run international unions—eleven groups with three-quarters of a million members. The biggest is the United Electrical Workers, with half a million. The others are: Harry Bridges's Longshoremen; Mine, Mill & Smelter; Farm Equipment; Food & Tobacco; Public Workers; Office Workers; Marine Cooks & Stewards; Fishermen; Furriers; and Communications.

By no means can the party count on even the majority of these 750,000. In only a few months, almost a third of the members in the expelled unions have deserted to rival groups hastily chartered by the CIO. The UE, which has by far the most adept leadership of all the left-wing unions, so far has lost about 225,000 members to its CIO rival, the IUE—and probably would have lost more if IUE leadership were stronger.

The party is apparently taking such a dim view of its present working-class base that its much-discussed plans for a third labor federation have been tabled. As Williamson said last March, "The issue today is not the organization of . . . a third federation of labor."

The party's sweeping defeat has been widely credited to the Taft-Hartley loyalty oath. The deeper explanation lies in the historic ambivalence of Communist trade-union policy, which could not survive the postwar demands made upon it by the Cominform. The party reached maximum strength in the CIO when its program was more or less in the idiom of the American scene: the Popular Front (no revolutionary talk), direct economic issues, industrial unionism. After 1945 it was required to subordinate everything to the premise that Wall Street was planning immediate war against Russia.

Not only were questions like the Marshall Plan and Atlantic Pact forced unmercifully upon wage-minded trade unions, but, in a radiant burst of bad judgment, the party singled out Philip Murray (who enjoys a mild but widespread popularity) as the leader of the CIO's "pro-war camp."

Party unionists might have hung on in spite of these blunders, had it not been for a catastrophic error—the Progressive Party. Since the Politburo was convinced that its own party would be outlawed at any moment, it was determined to have a legal party as a cover. Without seeking broad union endorsement—indeed, without even waiting for Henry Wallace to say it first—William Z. Foster announced early in 1948 that the Progressive Party would be formed.

Not a single international union—even those under Communist domination—could be persuaded to endorse Wallace. The ensuing fiasco did the Communists irreparable damage. The Wallace vote of 1,169,021 was one of the lowest ever recorded by any third party. Probably no issue has ever so thoroughly isolated the Communists from what they call the "mainstream of the American workers."

All the party has left now are a few clusters of workers, concentrated large-

Ben Davis

ly in peripheral unions in New York and California. The day-to-day strategy is being directed by a party clique dominated by the leaders of New York City's Local 65, an independent-retail union—men who are violently sectarian and immeasurably remote from the industrial heart of the labor movement. The party is apparently returning to its 1920's "Red Unionism." It is almost as if they had never left home.

After labor, the Communists are

Howard Fast

concentrating most heavily today on the Negroes—and here alone are they making slight headway. As the largest minority in America, and the one with the sharpest grievances, the Negroes have always seemed logical bait for the party. With its back broken in labor, however, its interest in the Negroes has been magnified almost to absurdity. (Well over half of the estimated five thousand expulsions from the party since 1947 have been based on the charge of "white chauvinism.")

Of the fourteen million Negroes in the country, no more than five thousand have ever been party members at any one time. (They usually stay in anywhere from a week to a year.) Such a figure can be deceptive, of course. For short periods, the actual Negro following has been large, as it was during the Scottsboro Case. Only a relatively small number of Negroes have been attracted into any organization at all; but those who have tend to join the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, an exceedingly temperate body of close to 250,000 members, which the Reds call an "Uncle Tom" outfit. Until recently, the party has tried persistently to set up rival organizations, the latest deceased of which is the National Negro Congress. It never had more than fifteen thousand members; and in 1947 it was dissolved so that

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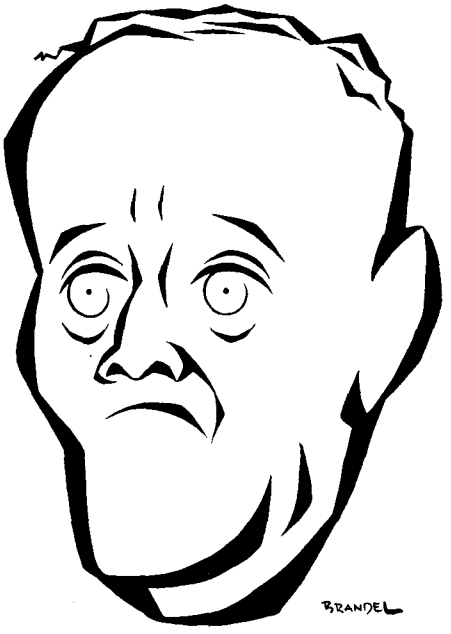


William Z. Foster

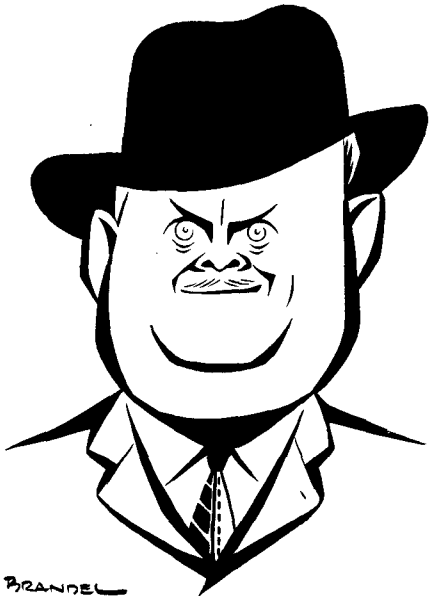
party members could be free to work within local chapters of the NAACP.

The Communists have had some success in several of the NAACP's 1,632 branches, most notably in New York, Cleveland, and Los Angeles, where, largely by tactical agility, they have recently won almost complete control. Aside from this, they have won the support of a sprinkling of Negro university professors, Baptist ministers (and one bishop), and Negro entertainers, as well as one large Negro college fraternity. It would be foolish to discount their progress entirely, but it is hardly striking, considering the effort that has gone into it—twenty full-time Negro cadres in the New York party headquarters, a special Harlem edition of the *Daily Worker*, plus daily confessions and exhortations in the party press.

The party's failure to go any further is more its own fault than anyone else's. The current party program for Negroes (taken out of the mothballs where it has been kept since 1935) is self-determination for the Black Belt—a project for an independent Negro nation within the United States. It would be hard to devise a more unfortunate appeal to American Negroes, who, as one of them remarks, "want to become a *part* of America, not to be further separated from it." It has met with such resistance that according to the latest testimony before the Un-American Activities Committee, Negro party membership is down to about 1400.

Communist prestige in Harlem can best be judged by the case of Benjamin Davis, Jr., the party's top Negro figure, who polled 56,929 votes for the New York City Council in 1945 (and won), and 21,962 in 1949 (and lost). Davis himself has helped the decline along by being so jealous of his title that he has consistently sidetracked promising younger Negroes.

The party's third big effort is in the field of education and youth. In the American public-school system, there are 943,800 teachers teaching twenty-five million students in 184,541 schools. But of the myriad teachers' organizations, the two giants are the American Association of University Professors and the National Education Association, in both of which Communist influence is negligible. No figures are available on the number of



Gus Hall

actual Communist teachers, but most of them are obviously to be found in the independent Teachers' Union (which was expelled first from the AFL, then the CIO). Aside from a few very small and very scattered chapters elsewhere, the TU exists only in New York. Today, out of thirty-five thousand teachers in New York City, the TU has about thirty-five hundred members, while the anti-Communist AFL Teachers' Guild has about four thousand.

In the years from 1935 to 1940, the leftist American Student Union, with a hundred thousand members, was able to draw half a million students into its celebrated peace strikes. After the Soviet-Nazi Pact of August, 1939, it began to wilt, and in 1941 it died (as did the broader front organization, the American Youth Congress, which, with affiliated groups, represented a million young people).

Since then, the party has tried to set up a series of new groups—American Youth for Democracy, which melted into Young Progressives, which in turn dissolved into the Labor Youth League. Of them all, only the Young Progressives had a brief flare—at universities like Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Chicago, and Minnesota. But at best, they have all been pale carbon copies of past greatness. After an auto accident last February, in which L.Y.L. records were found, the FBI discovered the L.Y.L.'s total membership figure. As of December, it was 3,660 for the entire country.

Of all the national groups which someone or other generally claims to have in his pocket, less than one per cent can be said to be in the pocket of the Communist Party. There are twenty million so-called foreign-language residents in this country, three million of whom belong to one or another of 150 fraternal organizations. The Communist fraternal organization is the International Workers Order, with assets of six million dollars (a good slice of which has been siphoned off to the party). By dangling the lures of insurance, sick benefits, and lodge socials, the I.W.O. until recently held together upwards of two hundred thousand people.

Since the great majority of its members were Jews, Ukrainians, Russians, and Slovaks, it is no surprise that I.W.O. membership should have fallen off to 165,000 in the last two years. The zigzagging Russian policy on Zionism has caused tremendous disaffections among Jewish members, and the stories brought here by displaced persons have cut jagged holes into central European groups.

On the propaganda side, the party used to do fairly well with its foreign-language press (in 1947 its thirty-three papers had a circulation of 272,000, as against the anti-Soviet publica-

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tions, with four and a half million readers). Current reports indicate that many party papers are either shrinking in size or giving up.

There is probably no more devastating example of the Communists' decline in the country as a whole than the utter collapse of their cultural influence. In the 1930's, the party attracted many of America's outstanding writers, poets, painters, and musicians. The roster of delegates to the American Writers' Congress in 1935, at which Earl Browder was the keynote speaker, included such glittering and respectable names as Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, Van Wyck Brooks, Archibald MacLeish, and Thomas Mann.

The party's literary publication, the *New Masses,* which used to attract the best of the avant-garde writers, folded last year, to be replaced by a hackneyed journal called *Masses and Mainstream*; and the best the Communists can produce as a literary hero is a writer of historical novels named Howard Fast.

According to the professional anti-Communist organizations, the party, despite its heavy losses, still exercises broad influence on films, radio, and television. The Thomas committee hearings, which resulted in the Case of the Hollywood Ten, hardly justified this assertion. Whatever the number of Communist writers, actors, and producers who have been infiltrating Hollywood, very few have tried putting their ideas on celluloid. Of all the films turned out by Hollywood every year, only three (all about wartime Russia) were cited by the committee as remotely resembling the Communist line: "North Star," "Mission to Moscow," and "Song of Russia."

A summary of Communist activity in radio and television was recently prepared by the weekly newsletter *Counterattack,* put out by former FBI agents. It reveals that the party has established a pressure group called the Voice of Freedom, which attempts to put "progressive" commentators and programs on the air. Although it has marshaled 1,500 "monitors" who write "one good and one bad letter" to the networks every week, none of its three favorite commentators— William Gailmor, Johannes Steel, and Arthur Gaeth —is broadcasting as of this writing, and all of its hated adversaries are. *Counterattack* also lists 135 radio writers, actors, and producers who it claims are party members or fellow travelers. Of these, a large number are listed for having entertained at "front group" benefits, and most are involved in such programs as "Date with Judy," "My Friend Irma," and "The Adventures of Sam Spade."

All this leaves untouched one general aspect of the Communists' work—the political parties and "front groups" they utilize to influence the community at large. In addition to the Progressive Party, their only important political machine today is the American Labor Party, which once held the balance of power in New York State. Although the A.L.P. is slipping—and its chief glory, Representative Vito Marcantonio, seems to be on his way out of Congress now—it is still good for some four hundred thousand votes in New York State.

As for the front groups, one hundred and five of these are on the Attorney-General's subversive list. A good many of them are long since defunct, and a still larger number are paper organizations with the familiar old interlocking directorates. Of them all, only three are conceded to have genuine vitality: the Civil Rights Congress, which has concerned itself largely with raising money to defend the indicted party leaders, and with raising general hell against restrictive political legislation; the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, which raises money allegedly for Spanish Loyalist refugees, but has been known to finance such "refugees" as Gerhart Eisler; and the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions, the only one of the three still able to attract some non-Communist intellectuals.

There is no way of measuring the effectiveness of these groups, except in terms of the general public state of mind, on which they appear to be making no appreciable dent.

In short, the American Communist Party has fallen upon evil days in practically every one of its major endeavors. There is neither the space nor the need to discuss here the external causes of its disintegration: the postwar record of the Soviet Union; the tightening of lines in the East-West conflict; the legislative and judicial pressures; the disenchantment among its former friends, which grows progressively with time and history. The loss of the Soviet Union's formerly great ethical attraction for intellectuals—dating from the Soviet-Nazi Pact—was probably the weightiest factor of all.

A less obvious point is that the very intensity of these pressures has probably prevented an even greater decline. More Communists and fellow travelers might have abandoned the party during the last few years if it hadn't seemed so much like desertion under fire.

There is every indication that demoralization inside the party is acute. Mutual suspicion among party members has gone to almost ludicrous lengths. The formerly quasi-open neighborhood branches have been dissolved, and members now meet in groups of three or four, each forbidden to have contact with any other. Delegates to party conferences, carefully handpicked in the first place, are subjected to three and four "screening" sessions, lasting six or seven hours apiece, and run along the most fashionable guilt-by-association lines.

Moreover, the quality of party leadership, never the most brilliant in the international Communist movement, has steadily deteriorated—to the point where not a few members who were delighted to boo Earl Browder out of the movement in 1945 have begun secretly to wish he were back. Instead, it seems more likely that Gus Hall, a colorless and obscure party hack, will be the party's next General Secretary.

Of course this does not mean that the movement is on the road to final destruction—there will be an American Communist Party as long as there is a Soviet Union. It does suggest, however, that we might be taking overelaborate precautions to insulate the American people against the party's influence. —CLAIRE NEIKIND

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Thunder on the Right

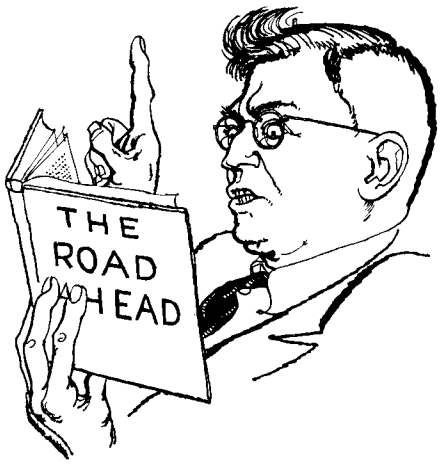
Texas is a testing ground for the ultra-conservative offensive

If Gideon Planish, Sinclair Lewis's hot-shot promoter of letterhead organizations, were in Texas this year, he would probably be working for either the Committee for Constitutional Government or its new offspring, Fighters for Freedom. I don't know how much headway these organizations are making in other states, but here in Texas it's a poor day's mail and a quiet day's newspaper that do not bring new propaganda from the chiefs of these outfits—Dr. Willford I. King and Dr. Edward A. Rumely.

The Committee for Constitutional Government was started in 1937 by Frank Gannett, the newspaper publisher, to combat Roosevelt's Supreme Court bill. It subsequently claimed that its skillful barrage of mail and telegrams was responsible for beating this measure, and it went on to other harassments of the New Deal. The Committee's first Executive Secretary, and its general factotum since its founding, has been Dr. Rumely, now sixty-eight, an erstwhile physician, educator, and friend of Theodore Roosevelt. Dr. King, the chairman, is a seventy-year-old former economics professor.

Before the war, the C.C.G. got a setback when a Congressional committee dug up the fact that Rumely had been convicted in 1920 of using German money to carry on propaganda activities, and of failing to report these dealings to the Alien Property Custodian. After this publicity, Rumely was dropped as executive secretary of the C.C.G., or at least dropped from the letterhead.

Today, with the help of John T. Flynn, the embittered Roosevelt-hater and former America-Firster, King and Rumely have developed a formula for scaring the rich which is exceeded in efficiency, according to the 1949 reports on lobby expenditures, only by



John T. Flynn

the American Medical Association's famous shock system for frightening physicians. Although King and Rumely have been perfecting the techniques of the C.C.G. ever since 1937, until recently their methods have been too dull for the mass market.

In 1949, King and Rumely unveiled a plan, with which they had been toying for some time, to imitate the techniques used by the CIO-PAC for "grassroots" precinct organization and fund-raising. Their basic idea was that a very small percentage of the electorate in a key district, if solidly organized, could swing an election. To put this system into action, King and Rumely started an offshoot of the C.C.G. called Fighters for Freedom. An old King-Rumely slogan is "Send strong men to Congress." The efficacy of their methods has seemingly been borne out in a recent Texas election.

The first product Fighters for Freedom had to sell was a book called *The Constitution of the United States,* by Thomas J. Norton, which, with its discovery that the New Deal was "unconstitutional," was not likely to affect the gall bladders of people who had held very similar beliefs all along.

Despite the book's lack of success, the CIO-PAC block-campaigning idea was retained in Fighters for Freedom—a "grassroots" organization located on grassless East 42nd Street, New York. The first broadside, in the summer of 1949, proposed the organization of a little over one per cent of the population, or two million people, into a voting bloc "large enough to tip the scales at the bar of public opinion" and "turn the tide" from Socialism. With that cry, King put out a call for "seed money" to organize a hundred thousand Fighters for Freedom by last fall. In turn, these hundred thousand were each to get nine new "Fighters" by the spring of 1950. The F.F.F. advertisement suggested that contributions be held to $490. (Contributions under $500 don't have to be reported to Congress.) The "seed money" was to be used to send out one hundred thousand copies of Norton's book and to keep other propaganda flowing.

The Constitution wasn't selling so well in 1949, but an article in an F.F.F. newssheet by Representative Ralph W. Gwinn, New York Republican, had greater repercussions. The piece was headed "Labor Socialism—Will It Take Over America?" In it, Gwinn reviewed the 1948 Congressional elections, and concluded that ". . . labor socialists helped to elect more than two-thirds of the new Representatives—189 to be exact." Speculating about what would have happened had a few more voters stayed at home, he worked himself into a state of obsessive fright.

Fighters for Freedom was still to receive its most potent shot in the arm. Gwinn's article was read by John T. Flynn, and so inspired that author that he made it the basis of a book called *The Road Ahead.* Flynn, who in the 1930's had assisted in the Sen-

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ate investigations of the New York Stock Exchange and the country's munitions manufacturers, had by 1940 sharply reversed his direction and set himself up as one of the leading investigators of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. In 1941, Flynn became New York Chairman of the America First Committee, and subsequently, in the *Truth About Pearl Harbor,* the *Final Secret of Pearl Harbor,* and *The Roosevelt Myth,* he practically accused Roosevelt of starting the war single-handed.

Like most Flynn works, *The Road Ahead* is directed at the educated ignorant. It is aimed at scaring a contribution out of the type of American who, after having gone to college, has cloistered himself within the walls of his own trade or profession. Many physicians, dentists, clergymen, businessmen, and lawyers are fair game for a clever writer like Flynn, who can take a small fact, inflate it with supposition, and let it fly as far as the wind will take it.

Flynn's main effort is directed at channeling his readers' hatred of Communism into a contempt for all liberals. The book's opening chapter gives a good sample of his technique:

"We have . . . been making war on the Communists. This has had one very serious by-product. It has dramatized the American Communist Party and its dupes as the chief internal enemy of our economic system and our form of government. . . . This I hold to be a mistake of the first magnitude. I insist that if every Communist in America were rounded up and liquidated, the great menace to our form of social organization would be still among us."

That great menace, of course, is the Socialist Planner. Later, hard-pressed for accusations to hurl at the Socialist Planner, Flynn decides that actually there is no quarrel between the Socialist Planner and the Communist. The bitter fighting between liberals and party-liners is merely window dressing, he says.

In a memorandum labeled "Confidential—Not for Publication," the F.F.F. put the bite on its major contributors and started its sales drive for Flynn's book: " . . . millions of copies of *The Road Ahead* must be distributed quickly to save our constitutional system of free enterprise. This book tells what YOU, as an American, can do to save this country from destruction."

For just fifty cents a copy, the committee offered to handle all the details, including the bother of mailing and paying Flynn a dime a book royalty. Since the committee was nonprofit, "any small surplus [could] be applied to further bulk distribution."

The greatest windfall as far as propaganda was concerned (although it undoubtedly cut down the cash receipts at 205 East 42nd Street) was the publication of a shortened version of Flynn's book as the lead article in the February, 1950, *Reader's Digest* which reached millions of people all over the world.

During a special session of the state legislature in February, an East Texas conservative offered copies of Flynn's book to all 181 legislators. Apparently many of them read it, for much of the session was devoted to denunciations of Harry Truman, Dean Acheson, and socialism, and the terms used by some of the nominally Democratic legislators indicated that they considered these three names almost interchangeable.

In Dallas, the smart conservatives who already control local politics have seized on the C.C.G.-F.F.F. idea of precinct organization. Phil Fox, a former Ku Klux Klan press agent, who of late has been master-minding Texas governors and Senators into office, is quietly running the campaign. A crew of solicitors follows up the mail appeals to get the cash and to sign up block workers.

Like the Communists, the right-wingers cannot resist the temptation to spawn new organizations, and in Texas the roster has recently become pretty baffling. In Houston, E. E. Townes, former counsel for Humble Oil and Refining Company, is organizing his own group to fight for "constitutional" government. Also in Houston, the Free Enterprise Association is fighting public housing with such success that Will Clayton, the multimillionaire cotton merchant who favors public housing, is considered somewhat pink.

In Austin, nominally fairly New Dealish, a group of respectable business and professional men have chipped in to finance an organization called United Forces for God Against Communism, which has come out for dropping an atomic bomb somewhere just north of Russia.

In San Antonio, a man named Austin F. Hancock—last heard of in an outfit called Fight for Free Enterprise, which was raising money to hire ex-G.I.'s to harass CIO organizers—has now formed an isolationist anti-everything outfit called American Heritage Protective Committee, which is tucking F.F.F. literature on Flynn's book into the circulars it sends to the people on its mailing list. Ida M. Darden, the sister of Vance Muse, who has made his living since 1908 frightening rich Southern conservatives, has started a widely distributed paper called *The Southern Conservative.* Mrs. Darden is cashing in on the conservative tide with her paper, which expounds the

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theory that the U. S. clock stopped when Hoover went out of office.

The C.C.G. now seems to be consolidating its gains by getting into a sort of national holding company of organizations. Last February 27, a meeting was called in Washington at which the National Committee to Limit Federal Taxing Powers was formed. Its single plank is a proposed constitutional amendment that would limit Federal taxes to fifteen per cent of the national income.

This plank was first published in the platform of the States' Rights Party, in 1948. Former Congressman Sam Pettengill of Indiana, an old hand in the C.C.G., made a speech about it last fall, and now a similar proposal has been adopted by the American Medical Association. If the Federal taxing power were cut to fifteen per cent of total U. S. income, the government would have just about enough to pay veterans' benefits, defense costs, and interest on the national debt.

Other organizations represented (though, as they would probably insist, unofficially) at the first meeting of the N.C.T.L.F.T.P. were the Building Products Institute, the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the Conference of American Small Business Organizations, the Southern States Industrial Council, the Southern Pine Industry Committee, the National Retail Dry Goods Association, the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association, the National Federation of Private Schools Association, the American Retail Federation, and the National Association of Retail Grocers. With these organizations on the C.C.G.-F.F.F. mailing list, the King-Rumely operation should really get into high gear.

Just how much momentum it is gaining was possibly indicated on May 6, when a Republican named Ben Guill led a special election against ten Democrats and became the first member of his party to win a Texas Congressional seat in nineteen years. Guill, who received twenty-two per cent of the popular vote, had campaigned on a line strongly resembling that of Flynn's book—which had, incidentally, been serialized in the Amarillo *Times*—the second largest paper in the district where Guill was elected.

—Stuart Long

Reading Lattimore

Owen Lattimore has published, by his own count, "about eleven books and seventy-five or a hundred magazine articles and hundreds of newspaper pieces . . ." "These," he says, "are the best evidence of my constant efforts to develop a program which would promote the independence of Far Eastern nations and protect legitimate United States interests." As Senator McCarthy would say, Lattimore is willing to "stand or fall" on this evidence. But who has considered the evidence? Who has read the books? McCarthy surely has not had time to do so. Louis Budenz has publicly stated that he has been so busy since his conversion that he has had no time even to remember Lattimore's existence. Recently, all the available works were read by the research department of *The Reporter*.

As a first result of this reading, it appears that Owen Lattimore is not the creator of a philosophical or political system. He is a professor with a journalistic cast of mind, or perhaps the other way around, and he has been caught up—like most of us—in the international politics of our time. Laudably and naturally, Owen Lattimore has sought to take a position. That is the duty of every citizen. He has sought to persuade others that his position is the correct one. That is the inclination of every citizen. Owen Lattimore inherited a specialty to worry about: China.

His father, David Lattimore, spent nearly forty years studying Chinese history and culture, for twenty years was in the educational service of the Chinese government, then came home to teach at Dartmouth. Owen Lattimore, who was taken to China as a child, went to school in England and Switzerland, returned to China, and worked on a newspaper in Shanghai and for a firm of exporters. But in 1925, when he was twenty-five, he visited the Inner Mongolian frontier of China. "Talking there with men engaged in the caravan trade with Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan, I determined to resign from the business firm in which I was employed and to travel into Inner Asia. A year later my wife and I began a journey. . . ."—a journey not only through unknown parts of Asia but one into a continually widening interest in the "many different ways of life of the peoples of Inner Asia." Unpredictably, this journey led Lattimore to an encounter with a Senator from Wisconsin.

One result of the journey was a solid job of research and interpretation, entitled *Inner Asian Frontiers of China* (1940). In it an idea emerges—but an idea so simple that it is hard to believe that it can ever have greatly stimulated the thinking of the State Department. Lattimore's discovery was that the world is changing. His language sometimes is not as simple as his discovery. Here is one statement: ". . . new ages grow up from within their predecessors, not to one side of them and independently of them. In part they destroy and in part they merely reshape and reanimate the forms that they supersede; they must break up old vested interests in order to establish new paramount interests."

Two years later, in an article in *Foreign Affairs,* Lattimore concludes:

"We cannot survive by defending the past; we must fight for the future. The survival of democracy demands the spread of democracy, and the spread of democracy means the end of imperialism, the end of the integrated imperialism-and-democracy to which we have so long been accustomed."

To "fight for the future" has a very familiar ring, and so has the idea that "we cannot survive by defending the past." Like most of us, Lattimore is not at his best when generalizing. Lecturing at Claremont College, California, in 1943, he delivered this passage: "Democracy by definition is a process of adjusting the demands and interests of all people by giving decision to the majority, and at the same time protecting the basic rights of the minority. Democracy therefore has an inherent tendency to become a world order." What is the word "therefore" doing

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here? In the same lectures he makes this illuminating remark: "Democracy, in working practice, is a way of doing things that must either get better and better, or get worse and worse." Defining democracy, Lattimore does not seem to get clearer and clearer.

It is perhaps entirely unjust—all quotations out of context inevitably are—to go back to September, 1938, in order to observe Lattimore engaged in another definition of democracy (working practice of). Replying, in *Pacific Affairs,* to a letter by William Henry Chamberlain on the Moscow Trials, he writes: "The real point, of course . . . is whether the discovery of the conspirators was a triumph for democracy or not. I think that this can easily be determined. The accounts of the most widely read Moscow correspondents all emphasize that since the close scrutiny of every person in a responsible position, following the trials, a great many abuses have been discovered and rectified. A lot depends on whether you emphasize the discovery of the abuse or the rectification of it; but habitual rectification can hardly do anything but give the ordinary citizen more courage to protest, loudly, whenever in the future he finds himself being victimized by 'someone in the Party' or 'someone in the government.' That sounds to me like democracy." To us, that sounds typical of soft-headed liberal efforts to understand, explain, and forgive Russian aberrations.

In 1935 he reviewed a book in *Pacific Affairs;* it was *Red Road Through Asia* by Bosworth Goldman, and Lattimore was very well aware of the soft-headedness we have referred to: "Those who believe that the Soviet Union is a paradise in the making, populated entirely by willing workers, will be shocked by [Goldman's] obstinate refusal to wear pink spectacles."

Lattimore's attitude toward Russian influence in China is based on a broad historical theory, and his inconsistencies reflect mainly the hopes and disappointments which we all shared. Writing in *The Virginia Quarterly Review* in 1940, he stated: "A hundred years from now it will be an axiom . . . that in the decade of the 1930's the Chinese . . . began to act for themselves. In the decade of the 1940's, it will be added, the Chinese vindicated for themselves their claims to territorial and administrative integrity, and China grew to its full stature as a nation."

Will this "integrity" be endangered by Russia? It certainly will, Lattimore answers, unless the United States recognizes and helps it and gives up once and for all the practices of an obsolete "imperialism." Furthermore: "If we are to have chaos in China," wrote Lattimore (*Asia,* April, 1941), "it will be of our own making. . . . Apart from the fact that this chaos would spread all over Asia, civil war in China would mean, in the end, the triumph of the Chinese Communists. This would be a magnificent irony, seeing that unless they are forced into a civil war, the Chinese Communists are bound to remain a minority." Lattimore's analysis has turned out to be strikingly sound.

One of Lattimore's dogmas is the concept of "negative accretion," by which he explains the attraction Russia exerts on the peoples of Asia. In 1940 he stated it as regards Outer Mongolia and Sinkiang: "Again, since these changes [after the establishment of a Communist government] are visibly progressive, since they have been expedited by active Soviet policy, since the Soviet Union has not taken advantage of its power to fasten an 'imperial control' on the province, and since Soviet trade remains important in keeping up the progress that has been begun, the total result has not been to fasten Soviet control on the province but to set up in the province itself a drift toward the Soviet Union. . . . Finding that they are not subordinated either economically or politically . . . but are helped to help themselves, these peoples continue of their own accord to seek a closer association."

He returns to this theme in his most widely read book, *Solution in Asia* (1944): "Wherever we see Russian influence we still tend to look for Russian 'agitators' upsetting the minds of people . . . 'stirred up by troublemakers.' We cannot understand either the Asia of yesterday or the Asia of today and tomorrow if we resort to such absurd simplifications. All the peoples of Asia . . . were startled into hope, expectation or political daydreaming by the Russian Revolution."

This is the broad design. And it is of little interest to note that Lattimore once admired and later did not admire General Chiang Kai-shek. "Generalship did not save China," he wrote in *The American Magazine* (June, 1942). "She would have been lost if she had not been drawn together and strength-

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ened by Chiang's basic ideas. . . . Chiang's leadership has brought every Chinese, civilian and soldier, to feel that he is fighting *for* something—for a better China, for a better life than he has ever known . . ." That was written during the war years; its rhetoric expressed all our hopes.

By 1946, at a University of Chicago Round Table discussion, Lattimore was disillusioned: "The Kuomintang is conducting an armed struggle against any and every democratic tendency or party in China, not only against the Chinese Communists. . . . The result is that all kinds of middle-of-the-road people are being driven over to the Communist side. . . . I suggest a step-by-step [U.S.] withdrawal attached to a definite time calendar, because if the Russians begin to come in as we start going out, we can stop going out, and we can come right in again. . . ."

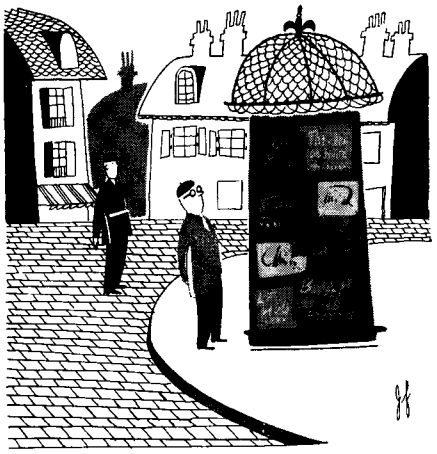
This policy of going in and out of China—as if we had only to take a ferryboat—sounds rather impractical. As the final result of reading the Lattimore books and articles it may be concluded that Mr. Lattimore has expressed, rather than created, hopes, illusions, moral resolves, that have been held in common by many of his contemporaries. If one seeks a political line positive enough to constitute a basis for American governmental action, one does not find it. One does find a carping reiteration of criticisms. It is quite impossible to imagine the State Department faced with the alternative of following or not following a "Lattimore plan." There is no plan—only a state of mind.

He presents no body of ideas, which could be, as has been said, "more dangerous to the nation than a carload of spies." Rather, there is a vast volume of useful information, frequently colored by emotion and diluted by repetition.

Nothing gives you a better insight into a man than reading what he has written. From the printed page, Lattimore appears intense, ever-busy, and sometimes pompous—a man who sometimes has seemed to swallow Communist slogans, but who has industriously tried to present the truth as he saw it. This ebullient publicist is as unfit for the dark role of Soviet architect of U.S. foreign policy as Senator McCarthy is for the U.S. Supreme Court.

How It Looks from Europe

A confused and distorted picture of America



Almost every day of my stay in the United States, at least one American has asked me: "What is the influence of the McCarthy affair in Europe?"

The best answer, perhaps, that I can give is in the form of another question: "What is the influence on American opinion of the so-called '*Affaire des Généraux*' in Paris?" (meaning the accusations against Generals Georges Revers, former chief of staff, and Charles Mast, former Resident-General of Tunisia, of political intrigue for personal profit in Indo-China). This scandal, which for two months has been the main topic of internal French politics, and the way it has been handled by the Assemblée Nationale, have kept French patriots fearful that the British and the Americans will not consider France a worthy ally. But in America, very few people have paid any attention at all to it.

More Europeans have been interested in the McCarthy affair, but not many more. Far from being reassuring, I think, on the contrary, that this indifference in both cases is ominous. For it comes from the fact that American opinion seems convinced that French politics is so messy anyway that one more scandal falls into the normal pattern; and that French or European public opinion appears to have reached a point where it fails to be startled by anti-Communist hysteria in the United States. So the McCarthy story seems to come only as one part of a larger story that the London *Economist* calls "the national hysteria [and] red witch hunts that mark the national life of America today." And little by little, month after month, the citizen of Paris or Rome who looks at America feels more and more confused as to where this great country is going, and where it is leading others.

In order to have as clear as possible an idea of European public opinion, we should probably divide it into its three component parts: the man in the street, the intellectuals, and the responsible policymakers.

The man in the street is the most confused. A slow poison is being introduced into his mind by Communist propaganda and the sensationalist press that is so powerful in postwar Europe. From both these sources the picture he gets of America is indeed bewildering. The bits of news he probably remembers are these, among others: "Senator Elmer Thomas, touring western Europe, says that Sweden should not get one more Marshall dollar because the King did not receive him personally"; "American officials are pressing the London government to oust War Minister Strachey because he was a Communist before 1937"; "A British doctor, Ian Cameron, is refused entry into the U. S. because his sister is secretary to the Socialist Medical Association."

All these news items, taken from the French, Italian, and Belgian press, are, of course, based partly, or entirely, on the real facts. So nobody can call them out-and-out lies. Sometimes, of course, they transmit—just as the U. S. press does—obvious falsehoods, as: "Senator

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McCarthy accuses Mr. Acheson of being pro-Communist"; or "David Lilienthal is accused by Senator Johnson of being a traitor to his country, plotting to give atomic secrets to Britain." In any case the slow poison is effective. America is made to appear a very, very strange country.

In the second category are the intellectuals, or rather those intellectuals who belong neither to the extreme Left or Right. The so-called "intellectual" group in Europe has no true counterpart in America. It consists of professors and writers who have no active part in the government, but whose ideas permeate the political thinking of the country. They are usually rather well informed; they have time to be. Being used to the good old days when they enjoyed universal respect and authority, they just cannot get accustomed to being pushed around by those new Romans, the Americans.

They feel as if they were being personally attacked when the new anti-intellectual attitude of big political groups in the United States is reported to them. To their rational minds, the pragmatic and improvising behavior of U. S. policymakers often seems incomprehensible or repellent. They are suffering from an acute and strange illness, the "equidistance complex." Not being considered by the United States as the moral leaders of the post-war world, they have twisted their frustration into a new line: "A plague on both America and Russia; both are equally uncivilized and both are dangerous to our superior European way of life."

Many writers make extensive use of any material that proves how "unreliable" and "hysterical" America is. Pierre Emmanuel, a French poet and radio writer, for example, recently wrote three articles explaining that: "America is today marked by two national obsessions: sex and the FBI . . ." and that "nervous American political opinion is ready for fascism. . . ." The conclusion was that Europe should keep away from both America and Russia—in a word, remain "neutral."

The third category poses the most important problem of all. If the policymakers of France, Norway, or Germany were able themselves to get an objective, accurate picture of American political trends they would then be able to present their views in a way convincing enough to outweigh the confusion carried by sensational news and frustrated intellectuals.

But they are not able to do so. Of course they usually understand the motives and policies of the American officials they actually deal with; but they are uneasy about what will happen in the future because that depends on the tenure of the people they are accustomed to work with, and this in turn seems to them completely uncontrollable and unpredictable.

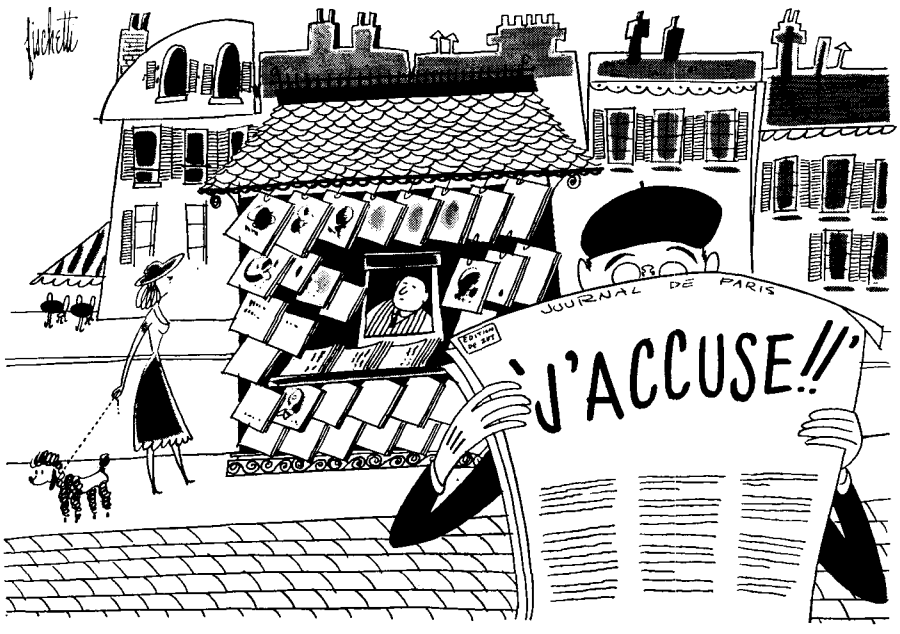
To make this point clear I will compare it with the reverse picture. American policymakers today are worried about the defeatist and neutralist trends that seem to be making progress in Europe. That does not mean they suspect Bidault or De Gasperi, but that they fear some dramatic change in the political balance of forces in Europe.

It may be interesting to the American reader to know what the fears of a European political leader concerning the United States are. Needless to say, I am only speaking here of the more open-minded among them, usually third-force people—in other words, those who would, if they could, readily and happily explain America to the public. Events of recent months in the United States have given them three principal fears.

The first is that America might try to compel its European allies to outlaw their Communist Parties. The European governments are already struggling to disinflate the Communist Parties. But the internal anti-Communist frenzy in America, plus America's habit of setting up its own methods as a model of universal imitation, leads European leaders to fear that the anti-Communist offensive may be conducted in a reckless and untimely way.

The second fear is more precise, and certainly has a stronger basis: the fear that American opinion and leaders will eventually put Communism and socialism in the same bag, and oppose one just as strongly as they do the other. If you asked a European politician what made him think so, he would probably give you instances like the recent speeches by such widely respected individuals as General Dwight D. Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles. Dulles was quoted in his last campaign as saying, "Federal control of education, socialized medicine, and the Brannan plan . . . are all chapters out of the Communist book. . . ." The New York *Herald Tribune* interpreted the election results in Britain as "a crushing rebuke to the theoretical Socialist ideal and the concept of the fully planned economy."

Such sources emphasize the idea that "Men must choose between the market economy and socialism. They cannot evade deciding between these alternatives by adopting a 'middle-of-the-road' position, whatever name they give it" (*Wall Street Journal*). Obviously, this sort of black-or-white ultimatum is absolutely unacceptable to



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such postcapitalist societies as those of the western European countries. They are usually at least half-socialist already. In several, a large part of basic industry has been nationalized. Any dramatic reversal could succeed only in regrouping all the leftist groups around the Communist Party and would probably lead to a right-wing dictatorship.

The third European fear is that America, impelled by hatred of Russia and the tension of the East-West struggle, plus a semiwar economy and a witch-hunt atmosphere, may become a police state. Obviously, the European nations would then face a fatal dilemma: either to stay in the American orbit and be forced to apply the same system, or to keep away from America and then be at the mercy of the Soviets.

These are the fears of European statesmen. Too few European leaders know America well enough, or even speak English fluently enough, to have a more complete picture of the tendencies and conflicts of this country. The hysteria waves, which to many Americans may appear to be a recurrent and almost harmless phenomenon, often make a deep and disturbing impression on Europeans.

No one would suggest suppressing internal political speeches for the sake of better international understanding. After all, in a community of democracies, each has to learn how to listen with some serenity to the debates next door. But certainly there is an urgent need for three things:

A more complete realization on the part of American political leaders that the social problems of Europe are very different from those of America, and cannot be treated by the same methods, at least in the near future.

A forthright, courageous determination on the part of European leaders to take, in the face of their own public opinion, the pro-American stand so necessary to clarify a relationship impaired by confusion and complexes.

Finally, a sort of "synchronization" of political principles and strategic methods for what should become our common peace policy. If we make that effort, allowing for the inevitable and irreducible national differences, we can, on both sides of the Atlantic, become really united for peace.

—Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber

The Captive Press

How a Senator can monopolize the loudspeaker

"I've never seen the press corps quite so frustrated," a Washington reporter told me the day of the second Lattimore hearing. "It's as if we lacked words to describe what's going on. But it's not the words; it's the frozen patterns of journalism that inhibit us."

Perhaps "frozen patterns" is as good a phrase as any to describe what prevents the press from giving an accurate picture of the McCarthy affair. It is not simply that some newspapers make a practice of exploiting this sort of thing—that the Scripps-Howard chain, for example, acted as if it had been ordered by Roy Howard to play the McCarthy story for all it was worth, or that the Chicago *Tribune* Washington man, Willard Edwards, supplied McCarthy's speech writer with the material for the Lincoln Day address at Wheeling, West Virginia, that precipitated the whole investigation. All that was part of the everyday routine of a certain section of the American press.

What can the responsible press do in handling the McCarthy story? The reporter, the wire-service man, the managing editor give various answers. When it deals with politics, the press network of the United States is a system of loudspeakers that transmits and amplifies the words uttered in the public arena. The trouble is that an increasingly large number of people know how to capture that instrument and scream all they want into it. In Washington, its chief originating point, Senator McCarthy, who has an acute sense of copy deadlines, talks to newspapermen. Forty-five minutes later his words are being read in Des Moines, Iowa. Technically, the system is very efficient, but, like most modern contrivances, it is not yet immune from abuses.

The problem begins with what the press puts on its amplifier—basically, with what news is. Recently, a Washington managing editor undertook to define it for me: "What happens in the world and what people say, do, and think about it." This definition is so broad that it doesn't help much in the day-to-day making up of a newspaper. Which statements, actions, and thoughts should be run; which left out? Most important of all, which are worth putting on the front page?

To this last question, newspapermen have no pat answer. The layman suspects that often the amplifier is monopolized by the men with the loudest voices and the least scruples.

Students of the press attribute this to the competitive drive for circulation, which is, after all, the daily bread of the newspaper. But the motivations are not always so easily explainable. Take the case of the Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser,* a morning paper in a one-publisher city. When McCarthy commenced his rampage, that paper played the story down, giving the Senator's charges a brief story near the center fold. All through February, the story stayed at the center of page one with a single-column head, but in March it moved inexorably upward. For sixteen days of that month, it rated a top-of-page-one, three-column head, holding the upper-right-hand position for eleven days. The *Advertiser* was not fooled by McCarthy: It took an editorial stand supporting Acheson. Nor was it engaged in a circulation drive. It clearly had succumbed to the contagious excitement of the radio stations, the wire services, and the out-of-town press. By its treatment, and that of similar papers all over the country, the circle was completed, bringing the excitement back to the Congressman on Capitol Hill.

Headlines, of course, represent the maximum output of the amplifier system. McCarthy hasn't been the first

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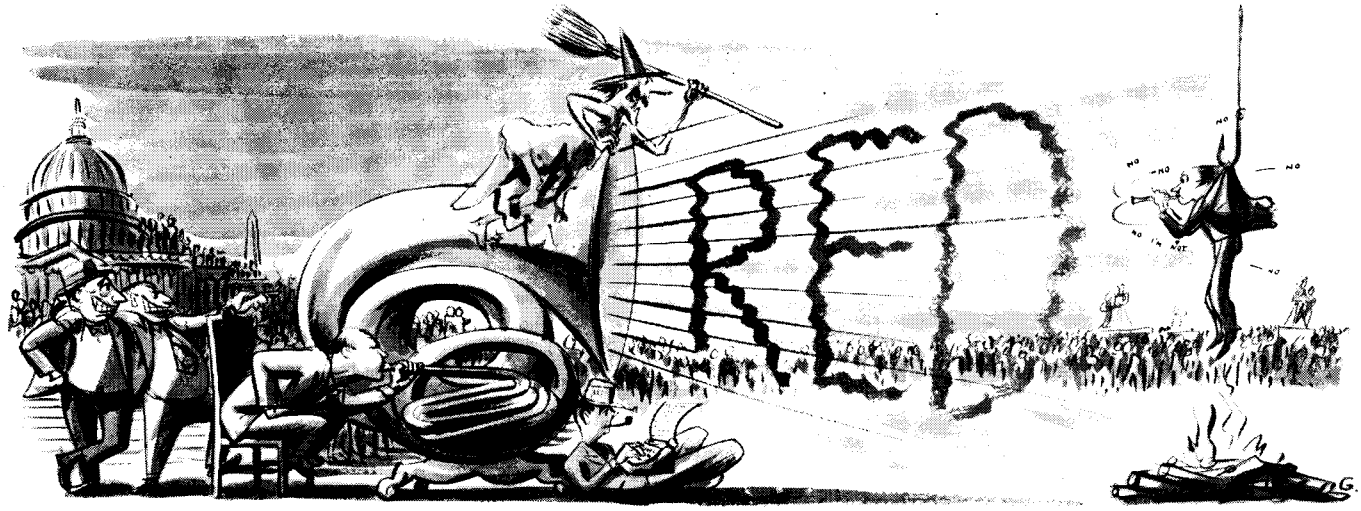
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a balanced assessment of McCarthyism.

A wire-service reporter parries with this argument: "We have respect for the American people," he says. "We believe they are capable of making up their own minds without our help." The problem is that when the reader is given facts selected only for their headline value, how can he have anything but a crooked vision of the case?

The American Society of Newspaper Editors has in its Ethical Rules a section entitled "Fair Play": "A newspaper should not publish unofficial charges affecting reputation or moral character without opportunity given to the accused to be heard; right practice demands the giving of such opportunity in all cases of serious accusations outside judicial proceedings."

Responsible newspapers try hard to live up to this creed, failing only when the accused, like Lattimore, turns out to be in the wilds of Afghanistan. In practice, it works as follows: Late one afternoon Senator McCarthy may name a person—Dorothy Kenyon, Haldore Hansen, or Donald Duck. All through the evening the victim's telephone rings. He is told briefly the nature of the charge made against him, and asked for a brief reply. Next morning, the papers describe in detail the McCarthy charges. Usually in the subhead and somewhere in the tail of the story, note is made of the fact that the accused person disagrees.

Some excellent interpretive reporting on McCarthyism has been filed from Washington. On February 23, three days after McCarthy first brought his case to the floor of the Senate, the Providence *Bulletin* carried a story by its Washington correspondent, Harold Graves, Jr., disclosing Willard Edwards's position behind McCarthy. Graves also pointed out that the eighty-one cases mentioned by McCarthy were those the State Department discussed with the House Appropriations Subcommittee in February, 1948—a fact which Senator Tydings used over two months later to persuade Truman to release the loyalty files. On March 31, Graves filed a story describing the influence of the Nationalist China Lobby upon McCarthy—one week before Lattimore testified to the same thing. On April 6, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* carried a story by Ed Harris giving more details of the silken hand of the China Lobby. The *Post-Dispatch* was able to point to an exposé of Chiang Kai-shek's insidious operations in Washington which it had carried early last fall.

Early in March, Richard L. Strout of *The Christian Science Monitor* and Carroll Kilpatrick of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* by taking the trouble to check a transcription made by a radio station in Wheeling, West Virginia, pointed out McCarthy's lie in denying to Senator Lucas that he had said in his Lincoln Day speech: "I have here in my hand a list of 205 that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping the policy in the State Department." A group of Democratic Senators used this same transcription two months later to corner McCarthy in a battle on the Senate floor.

But these and a few other instances of good "interpretive" reporting (which, after all, only followed the tradition of plain reporting, without adjectives) had little effect. Washington correspondents, who don't hesitate to quote each other's conversation in the press club bar as "usually well-informed sources," fail to read each other's dispatches. Besides, "interpretive reporting" has an "exclusive" quality. Once it is used, other "interpretive" reporters regard it as the writer's private property and shy away from it even though it may be valuable in throwing light on a situation.

Busy as he is catching the news of the day, the newspaperman rarely can refresh his mind on what happened yesterday. This type of reporting has little chance of getting across to many unless it is done by columnists, who have little time for digging. As a result, the columnist frequently dishes up as "news" the stale trash of a previous period. Not even the New York *Times* adequately tied in McCarthyism with the past campaign of vilification the China Lobby waged against the Institute of Pacific Relations. Not one newspaper or magazine seemed willing—or courageous—enough to do a research job of its own comparable to that done by Lattimore's assistants in preparing his rebuttal. Yet most publications have morgues and staffs quite sufficient to cover such a contingency.

The McCarthy affair has elicited some unexplainably bad reporting from

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the two deans of the Washington corps. Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* was not present when Louis Budenz appeared before the Senate subcommittee. His column the following Sunday justifiably contained no mention of Budenz's evidence or the lack of it. Quite unjustifiably, however, it was based on a quotation from Senator Ralph Flanders, who, though also absent from the hearing, handed down "the general verdict of the political community." Said Senator Flanders: "I find it disturbing." Krock continued: "Many fair-minded persons have been hostile to the manner in which McCarthy has presented his charges and up to now have been persuaded—by his inaccurate arraignment of the State Department which he repeatedly was obliged to revise downward—that the Senator had little basis for it. Yet there is evidence that these persons are beginning to lose confidence in their appraisal."

Mr. Krock, failing to weigh Budenz's charges and appealing vaguely to a nonexistent "general verdict of the political community," might just as well have written his column from an editorial armchair in New York. There, he might have realized that the words of Arthur Krock have a far more disturbing effect on public opinion than anything Louis Budenz might say.

Even more surprising has been the attitude of Bert Andrews, chief correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* in Washington. In 1947, Andrews wrote a Pulitzer Prize-winning series of columns for the *Herald Tribune* on the witch-hunting aspects of the State Department's loyalty program. The blame fell largely on a man named Dean Acheson, who, as Under-Secretary of State at the time, bore administrative responsibility. Later, Andrews revamped the articles into a book entitled *Washington Witch Hunt*.

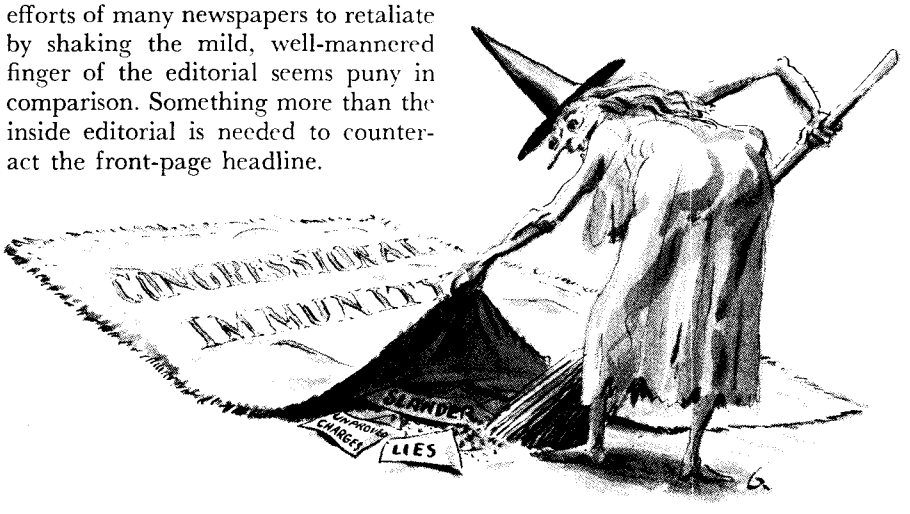
In 1950, the voice of Bert Andrews had strangely changed its key. The uninitiated might even think he had joined the ranks of the hunters. On April 4, the *Herald Tribune* carried a story under his by-line reporting that during a secret session of the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee, J. Edgar Hoover had refused to absolve one man. Since Andrews didn't say which man, suspicion fell on all whom McCarthy had accused. On April 9, Andrews came up with a story that was headed: HICKENLOOPER MAY QUIT PART IN RED INQUIRY. In newspaper parlance, this type of story is known as a "plant." Hickenlooper, a Senator hard pressed for re-election, wished to let other subcommittee members know that if he didn't get his way, he would pick up his marbles and go home. The story failed to mention whether or not the other members, including Republican Senator Lodge, were satisfied with the subcommittee's progress.

On May 4, Andrews came up with a story headed: STATE DEPT. TO LET SERVICE SEE 'SECRET' PAPERS SENATE COULDN'T. The lead announced: "The State Department is declassifying certain restricted and confidential documents to make them available to counsel preparing the defense of John Stewart Service, who will soon appear before a department loyalty board." On May 7, the *Herald Tribune* carried a letter from Conrad Snow, chairman of the loyalty board: "Mr. Service has not been given and will not be given access to the loyalty or personnel files which were gathered by the F.B.I. and other investigatory bodies and which were refused by the President to the Senate Committee. Mr. Service is entitled, however, as a matter of elementary fairness, to see and put in evidence any reports or other papers in the files of the State Department which were prepared by him or in connection with the missions on which he served, which may be material to his defense."

Amid the shortcomings of the press, the fist of McCarthy continued to wave defiantly from the headlines. The brave efforts of many newspapers to retaliate by shaking the mild, well-mannered finger of the editorial seems puny in comparison. Something more than the inside editorial is needed to counteract the front-page headline.

Herbert Elliston, editor of the Washington *Post*, is aware of the newspapers' shortcomings. He suggests that the objective presentation of the "straight" reporter must be supplemented by more and better interpretation. "Honest interpretation," he says, "looms much bigger than spot news as a newspaper function in these responsible days of the American democracy." To handle the complexities of McCarthyism, Elliston believes that the newspapers should assign "second" reporters as soon as the situation is fairly well seen. The second man's function would be to fill that narrow but deep crevasse between the "straight" reporter and the editorial writer. He should do the background work, the sleuthing for motives, the "atmosphere" creation. By reading this reporter's accounts run side by side with the "straight" story, the reader would have a much better opportunity to reach an honest conclusion. For the small daily wholly at the mercy of the wire service, the problem would remain unsolved. There is no reason, however, why the larger paper's "interpretive" reporting should not be syndicated to smaller papers, just as many feature stories are now syndicated.

The press of America has long constituted itself a merry Fourth Estate, largely immune from criticism. Today, the advent of McCarthyism has thrown real fear into the hearts of some—fear of what a demagogue can do to America while the press helplessly gives its sometimes unwilling co-operation. Perhaps Joseph McCarthy, Senator from Wisconsin, is not that demagogue. But who knows? One greater than McCarthy may come. —DOUGLASS CATER



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West Point—Assurance and Insurance

West Point, as I first saw it, seemed impressive but austere. Gothic battlements of gray stone—with empty, staring windows—braced themselves in disciplined platoons above the plain between the river and the mountains. In front of Grant Hall, where I had gotten off the bus, a solitary plebe strutted by on some errand, his back and shoulders held stiff, his chin pressed tight into his neck.

The rigid bearing of this young man, I later learned, was not a form of punishment; he was simply fulfilling one of his obligations toward what both cadets and officers call, with some humor, "The System." This is a catch-all phrase for any tradition or policy that has become standard operating procedure at the Academy.

The tour of West Point which the Army public-relations people had arranged for me was run off according to a precise timetable, beginning at the top with a visit to the superintendent, Major General Bryant E. Moore.

The general, a ruddy, quietly precise man, received me cordially in a huge, dark cavern of an office. The walls were lined with portraits of former superintendents of the Military Academy, including one of Robert E. Lee, dressed incongruously, it seemed to me, as a colonel in the Union Army.

Referring to men like Eisenhower, Clay, Bradley, MacArthur, and Marshall—West Pointers tend to regard the fact that Marshall went to V.M.I. as an amusing accident—I asked the general if the nonmilitary responsibilities such graduates were taking on had affected the West Point curriculum. He smiled to show that he knew the question was loaded, but his answer was explicit and sincere: "I am more concerned with training Army officers to be military leaders than policymakers. I think we can safely leave the making of policy to those parts of the government which are responsible for policy. Of course, very often the Army is called upon to *carry out* policy"—he gestured to include the generals I had mentioned—"that's our job. But the State Department determines policy—that's their job. I personally am interested in the line officer."

Harboring the skepticism of a former enlisted man, I was not entirely satisfied with the answer. We shifted to an easier topic and began to discuss the appointment of cadets, which is based on Congressional patronage. He said, "Congress has done very well, very well indeed." I asked him if he thought another type of admissions system would produce a better group of cadets, and he said, "They're all fine fellows. The system is very satisfactory."

Some mention was made of the fact that writers from *Ebony* magazine were doing an article on Negro cadets, and I asked the general how many Negroes were currently enrolled at the Academy. "About eight of them," he answered. "That's always a tender subject."

I asked why. The public-information officer who had introduced me to General Moore came immediately to the support of his superior; he said that "certain groups" were always trying to make controversial publicity out of the Negro cadets.

"You see, we here are primarily interested in inculcating the desire to give your life for your country," said the general. "If you don't understand that . . ." The public-information officer came to my support this time. The general softened somewhat when he learned that I had been in the service, and we exchanged a few war stories. It turned out however, that we had almost no friends in common, and after skirting the topic of my former Army rank, the general tactfully dropped the subject and soon brought the interview to a close.

The next officer on my schedule was Brigadier General Harris Jones, Dean of the Academic Board at the Academy, who, under my questioning, politely but steadfastly denied that he is in the business of manufacturing American proconsuls. "I know you journalists have to play up the dramatic aspects of a story," he said, tilting his head to one side and smiling wryly, "but actually this sort of thing has been going on for a good many years."

West Point was originally an engineering school, the general, who looked like a college dean even in his uniform, pointed out. In fact, the Corps of Engineers is still the favored assignment for graduating cadets. During the period of national expansion, West Pointers, then as now, spent very little of their time firing guns: They were busy laying out every one of the country's main railroads, mapping the coasts, charting the harbors, building the lighthouses, and surveying the frontiers. Warfare, after all, has always called for consummate engineering skill, ever since Caesar sent his military roads across western Europe.

"The training of a soldier is not so simple any more," General Jones said. "In global war we need all professions, all arts, all sciences. Since it is impossible to give specialized education in all the various fields and disciplines that are required in modern war-

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fare, it turns out that our goal is remarkably close to that of the endowed colleges: general education."

General Jones sees the recent changes in the curriculum at West Point as part of a trend in American education rather than as a purely military matter. He said that much of the credit for the changes should be given to Major General Maxwell Taylor. Appointed just after the war at the age of forty-four, Taylor was the youngest superintendent since Douglas MacArthur, who served in that capacity at the age of thirty-nine just after the First World War. Taylor, who was commander of the 101st Airborne Division during the war, had the backing of Eisenhower and other generals to liberalize and broaden the curriculum. "The cadets should not live in a mental cloister," Taylor wrote before he left West Point a year ago to become U. S. commander in Berlin. "Their interests must be catholic, avoiding the small horizons sometimes attributed to the military mind." To that end he increased the time devoted to the arts and humanities and set about improving the instruction in those subjects. This meant postponing to civilian and Army postgraduate schools some of the purely technical training an officer must have.

Having been briefed by the high brass, I was presently allowed to observe the educational aspects of "The System" at first hand. The classes at West Point are small—twelve or fourteen students in each. The emphasis is strenuously placed on the subject matter of the day's lesson, and the atmosphere is not at all like that of a liberal-arts college, where time is often taken out from the work at hand to debate the eternal verities.

Knowing that they will usually be called upon to recite in every class every day, cadets must prepare their lessons regularly and thoroughly. In an English class I attended, the cadets, under the supervision of a young captain, were showing that they had read an essay by Emerson which they had been assigned. " 'A foolish consistency,' " quoted the instructor cheerfully, " 'is the hobgoblin of little minds . . . philosophers and divines,' and—Emerson might have added—military men." After this bit of levity, the members of the class dissected Emerson's thought in a way that probably would have made the nineteenth-century philosopher uneasy. Cadets are never able to let their work go until the end of the term and then grind through the assignments by staying up nights. Their lights must be out at ten o'clock and they must be prepared for their next day's classes then.

The cadets spend surprisingly little of their time actually learning how to be soldiers. Of course, their summers are devoted to military training, and some of their academic courses—mechanics, military history, and the sciences—have practical applications to the military life. But there is considerably less close-order drill than newsreel shots might indicate. An undeniable advantage instructors at the Military Academy have over instructors elsewhere is that all of their students know exactly what they want to be when they graduate. To me this tremendous unity of purpose was a little disturbing. The cadets know from the moment they enter as plebes that everything they do and learn will be important to their careers. This fundamental "sense of mission"—to use the Army cliché—makes for diligent study habits and is at least as important as discipline in keeping noses to the grindstone.

"The System" calls for two years of intensive language training, and the new curriculum includes five languages: French and German—which were taught before the war—plus Portuguese, Spanish, and Russian. Approximately twenty-five per cent of the cadets in the two lower classes are studying Russian.

Another postwar innovation is the Department of Military Psychology and Leadership, established at the request of General Eisenhower to give the cadets a basic understanding of the problems in human relations with which they will be called upon to deal as officers. In the Army every project —from a K.P. roster to an invasion of Europe—has a clearly defined "mission," and the mission of the Military Academy is "to develop character and personal attributes essential to an officer. . . ." As General Jones put it, "We believe that while some leaders are born, a lot of them are made," and at West Point the business of making leaders has kept pace with the techniques of modern psychology. The instruction in this new department ranges from how to make an old sergeant who has been assigned to a new outfit feel at home to the complex problem of the utilization of Negro manpower.

The present advance into the field of general education at West Point is spearheaded by the Department of Social Sciences, which is under the vigorous leadership of Colonel Herman

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Beukema, a brisk, lantern-jawed officer who, unlike General Jones, would look like the commander of a cavalry regiment even if he were wearing mufti. Colonel Beukema handled my questions with dispatch and authority. "First we teach them human geography," he snarled enthusiastically. "Man in his environment—whether he's hardy and fit, whether he's dead on his feet, as some Asiatics may be, or whether he's half numb, like the Eskimo. This is necessary for an understanding of the history of political problems of an area."

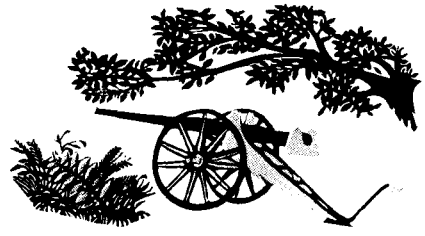
The cadets come to grips with political problems under the tutelage of men like Colonel George ("Abe") Lincoln, a geopolitician whose advice was heard on the highest levels during the war. I attended a lecture on the theory and tactics of Communism which was given in Colonel Lincoln's course on International Relations. The lecturer was Colonel Thomas Crystal, an Air Force intelligence officer who had recently returned from a tour of duty in eastern Europe.

"Capitalism contains the seeds of its own destruction," Colonel Crystal told the cadets, scowling as he thought a Communist might. "Since capitalism is foredoomed, there is no need for Russia to fight. And it will not fight unless the odds are so much in its favor that it is merely hastening the inevitable. When the rotten apple is ready to fall," Colonel Crystal intoned ominously, "*Russia will shake the tree!*" Out of all this the colonel drew a moral: "There need be no shooting war so long as we make it perfectly clear to the Russians that their chances of success are small."

This sort of talk invites an argument anywhere these days, and Colonel Crystal got it right away. Unawed by either the silver eagles or the five rows of ribbons his instructor was wearing, a cadet's hand shot up and he began earnestly, "Sir, I think you've failed to take into account . . ."

One cadet wrote in the Christmas issue of *The Pointer,* the undergraduate magazine, "There are few, if any, World Federalists, Wallaceites, or Russophiles at the Academies." I would guess that there are few, if any, cadets with a consuming interest in *any* kind of politics as such at West Point, but there is very little inclination to take what the instructor says on controversial subjects as gospel.

Most cadets are appointed to the Academy by Congressmen and Senators. Of course, they must then pass rigid entrance examinations, but the idea that the best candidates will happen to be spread out evenly across the nation in exactly the same proportion every year strikes some observers as rather absurd. And yet, I found after



discussing the problem with both cadets and officers, there is a kind of rough democracy in this part of "The System." One point in favor of leaving the selection of cadets up to Congress is that it helps to check the inclination of all military groups to favor their own young. The sons of generals sometimes make very good generals in their turn, but the tendency toward inbreeding needs to be kept in check. Qualified relatives of Army officers usually do manage to get to West Point if they are sufficiently in earnest.

"The System" at West Point now includes a civilian psychiatrist, Dr. Douglas Spencer, the Associate Director of the Department of Military Psychology and Leadership, who has had considerable experience in other educational institutions. He is enthusiastic about his new assignment. "I have found a more liberal and open-minded atmosphere at West Point than I encountered at any of the civilian colleges where I have worked," Dr. Spencer told me. "In faculty meetings at other places there would be a few Young Turks popping off and a few cautious members of the opposition sending up trial balloons, but the administration always had its way. At West Point the administration really listens to what everybody says. And once something has been decided, you get action—*immediately!*"

Besides teaching courses in psychology and advising members of the faculty in problems of discipline, Dr. Spencer is available to cadets who have personal problems which they would rather discuss with a psychiatrist than with their officers. Here, then, is another concession to modernity.

Like others, Dr. Spencer was at first a little dubious about the renowned Honor System at the Academy. The West Point Honor System, unlike honor systems at other colleges, involves much more than not cheating on examinations. Rigidly supervised and policed by the cadets themselves, the Honor System is a guarantee that no cadet will ever knowingly deceive anyone about himself. "The Honor System imposes no artificial demands on human frailty," Dr. Spencer, whose opinion of it is now very high, explained; "it makes no attempt to define the indefinable line between right and wrong. A cadet gets into trouble like anyone else. When and if he is caught, he is given appropriate punishment, and that's that. But if he tries to lie or quibble his way out of it—he's finished." The officers do their part by not using the Honor System to catch cadets in minor infractions of discipline.

Another of Dr. Spencer's duties is acting as a consultant on the new Aptitude for the Service System. Twice a year the cadets rate each other's qualifications for leadership, and the results, collated and run through I.B.M. machines, are used in the selection of cadet officers and to single out those who need special help in learning to be leaders. Dr. Spencer smiled when I expressed misgivings about allowing an I.B.M. machine to evaluate human personality. He assured me that the results were used only for guidance, and pointed out that the new system tells a lot more about human personality than the old one, under which cadet officers were picked almost exclusively on the basis of their academic standings. The present top-ranking cadet stands closer to the middle than to the top of his class academically. When I asked the doctor if cadets felt that they were tattling on each other when they made their ratings, he said that the results were kept anonymous. And he added that the ability to rate other men's qualifications with a certain amount of objectivity will be pretty valuable to the cadets later on.

Until I got to know them a little, I had a tendency to regard all cadets as identical. Like so many G.I. shoes, I suspected, they came in different sizes but were all made of the same material

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and in the same style. There *is* a marked uniformity among young men whose ambition is to become Army officers—even more uniformity, I would guess, than there is among future doctors, lawyers, or even scientists.

Recalling an intercollegiate conference at West Point to which students of fifty-two colleges were invited last fall, a cadet from New England to whom I talked remarked, "When I meet representatives of other colleges and universities in debates and conferences, I find that even the smartest students argue all around a topic, waste their time looking at a subject from all sides, and express themselves vaguely. It's always a cadet who cuts right through the confusion to the heart of the matter and offers the concrete proposal that sums the whole thing up." The young man fell silent for a moment, and then he added, "Here at West Point we learn to think in straight lines."

The cadet must have sensed that I had certain reservations about "thinking in straight lines." Eager to concede that even the circuitous thinking of civilians had its uses, he went on hastily, "I should add to what I have just said that the people who have the imagination to think all around a subject are needed just as much as people like us are needed. And the sooner each group learns what it has to gain from the other, the better off we'll all be."

To reassure me even further, he offered a final admonition: "Don't think we're rattling the saber around here. It's just like buying insurance, that's all." —Robert K. Bingham

The Commonwealth Cult

What really binds Britain and the Dominions?

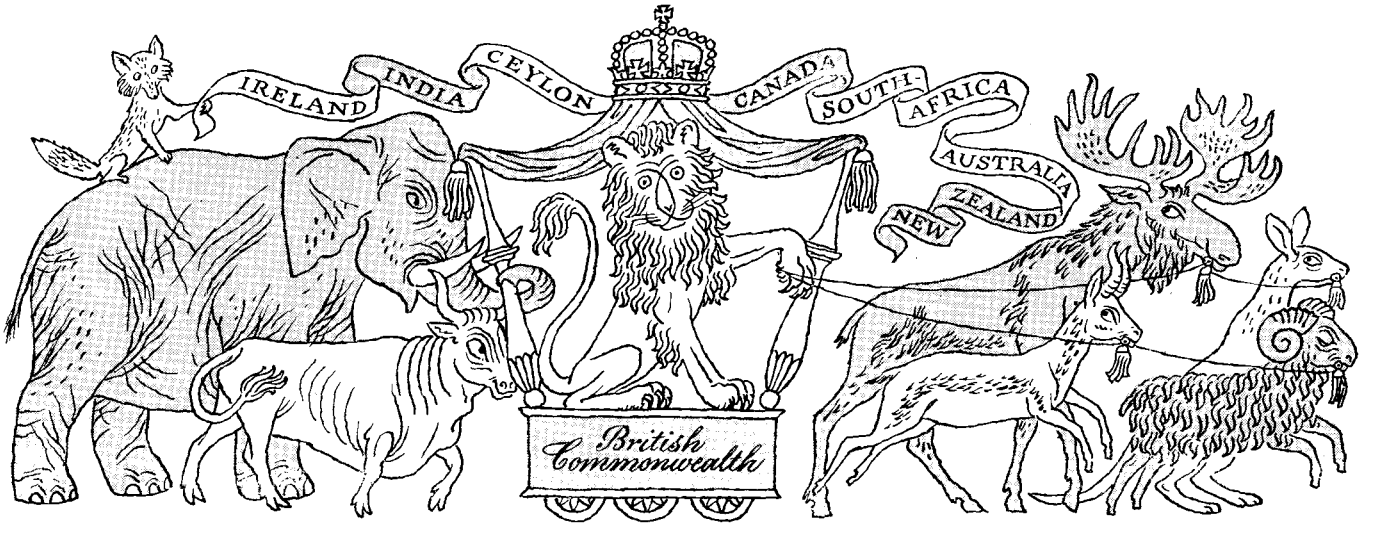
Ever since the movement for European union got under way, a great deal has been said about Britain's special ties with its sister nations of the Commonwealth. What are these mysterious links, and what, exactly, is the Commonwealth? Its members are, of course, fully independent sovereign states, recognizing no central authority of any sort. For this reason, one might justifiably feel that the very term "Commonwealth" is a flagrant misnomer, and as such at least partly responsible for much of the confusion that exists on the subject.

Not only is the British group no commonwealth in the constitutional sense in which the Commonwealth of Australia is one; it is not even a group of nations that practice the functional approach to international co-operation. In that respect the powers that have concluded the Brussels Treaty and the Atlantic Pact can lay far better claim to having set up a commonwealth. They at least possess that most elementary attribute of a commonwealth, a system of collective security.

In the British group the only formal commitments that exist are between Britain and Ceylon and between Australia and New Zealand. In so far as Canada has an obligation to come to the support of Britain, it arises, not from membership in the Commonwealth, but from its adherence to the Atlantic Pact. India never misses an opportunity to stress that it refuses to take sides in the East-West struggle in which Britain is so deeply involved. Likewise, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa remain formally, though perhaps not in spirit, entirely uncommitted.

The Commonwealth has no chiefs-of-staff committee such as Britain and America inherited from the war. There is no joint military planning organization and no military headquarters such as the signatories of the Brussels Treaty have set up at Fontainebleau. Nor have there ever been any common fleet or air maneuvers like those of the Western Union powers last year.

In September, 1949, a correspondent of the London *Observer,* attending an unofficial Commonwealth conference in Ottawa, reported "that the general sense was firmly opposed to any attempt at integrated Commonwealth



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authority in either the political, economic or military sphere; the much cherished idea of a Commonwealth General Staff seemed to be finally buried. . . . U.K. representatives made one attempt to lure the Canadians into fuller military commitments but met firm resistance." It may be recalled that immediately before the outbreak of war in 1939, Canada refused a British request for permission to set up R.A.F. training camps on its soil. Today the only bases Britain possesses in the Commonwealth are in South Africa and Ceylon.

Much the same situation prevails in the economic sphere. Possibly the recent Australian proposal for a mutual Asian-aid scheme may mark the beginning of a new era in this respect. But for the time being, anyway, it remains true, as Nicholas Mansergh, Professor of Commonwealth Relations at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, has said, that the Commonwealth "has no common foreign, economic or defence policy, nor indeed does it aspire to one."

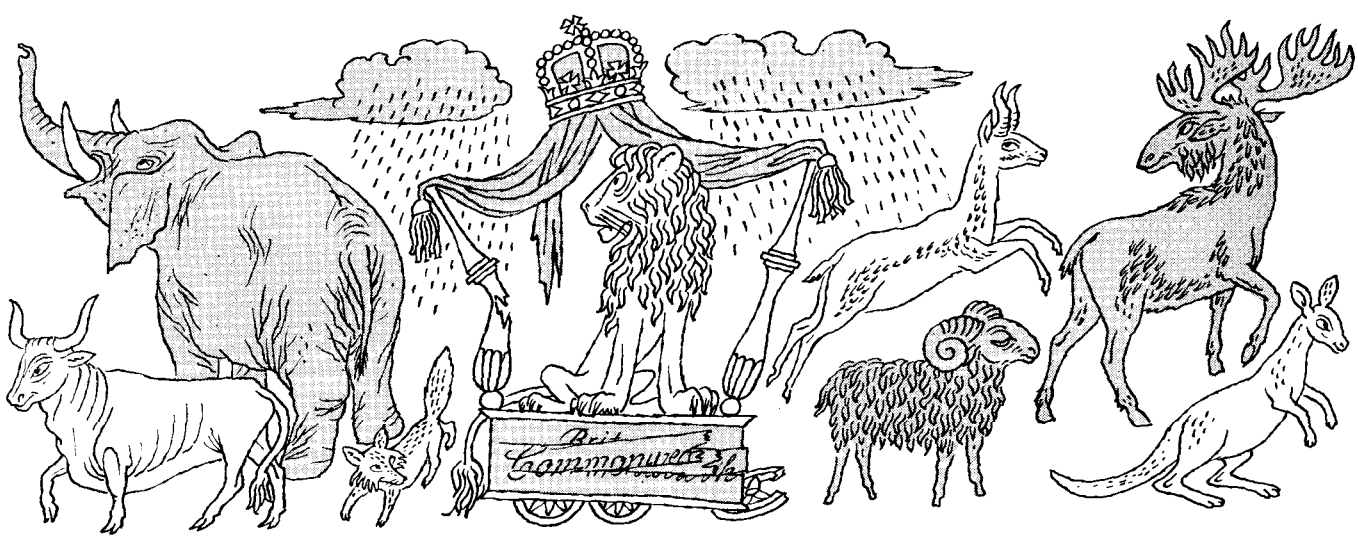
One might well wonder, therefore, in what way this much-vaunted Commonwealth really differs from any other group of independent sovereign states.

The stock British answer to this question is, of course, that even though it has no constitutional or functional links, the British family forms a real and very special unity owing to its "common values and ideas." Lord Balfour wrote in his famous Declaration of 1926 that "the British Empire is not founded upon negations. It depends essentially, if not formally, on positive ideals. Free institutions are its lifeblood, free co-operation is its instrument. Peace, security, and progress are among its objects." But these ideals are not altogether unknown and uncherished in other parts of the democratic world. Furthermore, tensions arising from violently conflicting conceptions of the rights of the colored man exist between certain members of the Commonwealth, and would make one a little doubtful about the ideological cement that is supposed to hold them together.

Not only do the eight members of this peculiar British club have no common administrative institutions of any sort, but also there is no question of joint responsibility for those Imperial remnants, the British colonies—every one of which is ultimately destined to become a member of the club. John Bull and John Bull alone decides on the timing and the procedure of their admission. He has initiated every one of his present clubmates, and he does not intend to allow even the oldest among them to assist or advise him in any way in training such neophytes as still remain.

In one respect only could the Dominions be said to exercise some direct influence on developments in Britain's colonial empire. If Britain wants to keep the club together it must obviously be careful not to give offense to its dark-skinned members by appearing reluctant to declare their protégés ripe for emancipation. For as the club grows and its racial composition alters, the founder is put under ever heavier pressure to give his few remaining wards full membership, the implied threat being that only by doing so can he hope to retain the Commonwealth façade which he has received in exchange for the substance of his former empire.

It would, then, seem fair to say that the Commonwealth appears in fact to be no more than an alumni association without an executive committee, by-laws, or a program of concerted action, whose independent-spirited, self-willed members, presided over by their former headmaster, recognize no other obligations toward one another than may be prompted by the heart or by considerations of farsighted self-interest. Apart from the ties of blood linking some members of the association, and the familiarity—which has been known to breed contempt as well as friendship—inherited from the days when they were all at school together, there is only one thing that distinguishes this very heterogeneous gathering of sovereign nations from any other. And that is that they have been remarkably successful in passing themselves off as something they are manifestly not: a political entity whose component parts may claim the right to accord one another tariff preferences regardless of agreements made with outside nations.



Even if the above may seem a perfectly fair analysis to the foreign student of the Commonwealth, woe betide

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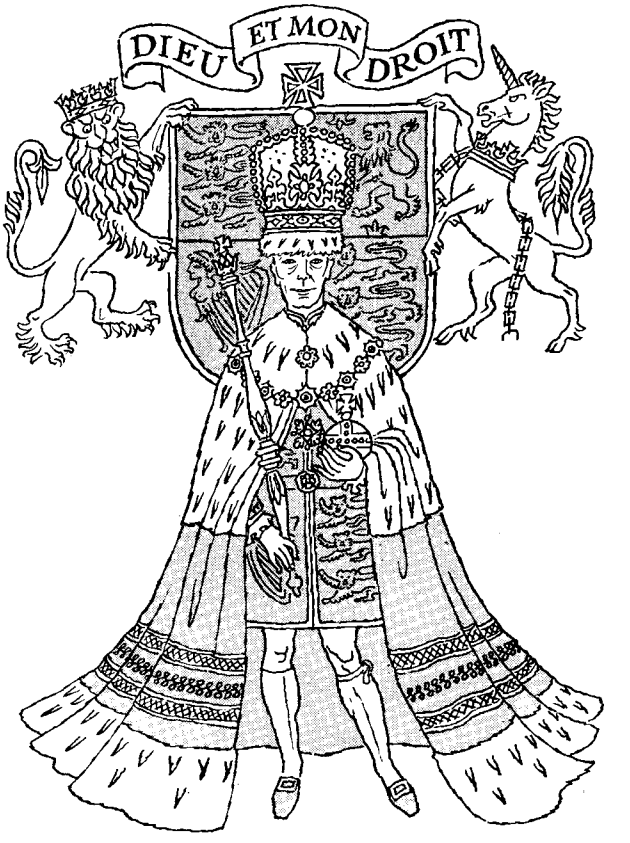
him if he should ever have the gall to confront the average Britisher with it. Even the most superficial study will teach him that the British themselves see it in a very different light. While we may think that the club is hardly a model of tight organization, the London *Economist* holds that "it is more closely knit than any other group of foreign nations." The prominent Tory front-bencher R. A. Butler has not hesitated to claim that it might well provide "through its existing *structure* the *scaffolding* for a *system* of world order," or, as another English writer, Lord Elton, has put it, "a nucleus of the eventual world state." Though we may be utterly unable to discover any signs of such a structure, Lord Altrincham, better known as Sir Edward Grigg, assures us, in a recent article in *Foreign Affairs,* that "the multi-national polity of the British Commonwealth has hitherto been universally accepted as, in some real sense, a constitutional and organic whole. . ." It may be compared, he says, with the U.S.S.R. (which we might well think a very different and infinitely stronger cup of tea), since these are "the only existent polities in which nation-states are united by constitutional links."

This sounds very impressive. But where and what are these constitutional links? According to the Balfour Declaration, which might be regarded as the Holy Writ of the Commonwealth Cult, the answer is to be found in the Crown. The members of the Commonwealth, it is stated, are "autonomous Communities . . . united by a common allegiance to the Crown." Even, however, before India decided to replace the monarchical headgear with a republican bowler hat, the Crown did not really bind the nations of the Commonwealth together into an "organic whole" any more than the three Scandinavian nations are constitutionally linked by virtue of recognizing three different and entirely independent monarchs. For this is precisely the constitutional position prevailing within the Commonwealth: Each member-state has its own king—there is a King of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, a King of Australia, a King of New Zealand, and so on.

All these kings, though embodied in one person, are every bit as independent of each other as are the Kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway: During the last war, George VI remained neutral as King of Ireland (South), while he was involved in a life-and-death struggle as King of Great Britain. He would have stayed neutral as the King of South Africa if half a dozen votes in the South African Parliament had gone the other way. It is clear, therefore, that the passage of Holy Writ according to which members of the Commonwealth are "united by a common allegiance to the Crown" has only a sentimental content. And so one is tempted, after reading the archpriest of the cult, the late Lord Balfour, to the effect that the Commonwealth "defies classification and bears no real resemblance to any other political organisation which now exists or has ever yet been tried," to come back with: "You're telling us!"



The impression that there is a great deal of pure mysticism in British thinking and writing about the Commonwealth becomes all the stronger as one studies the pronouncements of its devotees. Lord Altrincham starts his book, *The British Commonwealth,* by stressing "the sovereign independence" of the Commonwealth nations, which he recognizes to be "as absolute in the economic as in the political sphere." He furthermore admits "that there is, it is true, no precedent elsewhere for the claim of a political system [sic], containing several absolutely sovereign and independent governments, to be regarded as a coherent and indivisible entity by foreign powers." Yet he demands that the Commonwealth shall nonetheless be treated as an "economic unit in its relations with other Powers," and is therefore entitled to ignore most-favored-nation tariff clauses, on the argument that otherwise the Commonwealth would not be "what its name implies." That is to say, he falls back on a dogma that he has himself disproved, to wit, that the Commonwealth simply *must* be what its name implies that it is.

Equally typical of the mystical character of the Commonwealth Cult is the way in which its devotees, when challenged on grounds of logic, seek refuge in vague oracular phrases, or in the curt rejoinder that certain things about the mystery simply cannot be explained. "The Commonwealth," Lord Altrincham writes, "is a new political conception . . . inexplicable in bygone terms and subversive of old ideas . . . like every new discovery in politics, or science, or art." Membership, Lord Listowel, former Secretary of State for Burma, has stated, is to be regarded "as a priceless privilege granted only to those who deeply desire it and are conscious of its obligations"; but when one asks what those obligations consist of, even such an authority as Professor Mansergh is unable to do more than mention "a sense of obligation that somehow or other continues to elude a definition." In the same mystical vein the Prime Minister of New Zealand has defined Dominion status as "independence plus."

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Finally, there is the glorification of certain very commonplace arrangements for consultation among the members of the Commonwealth as something very special and "peculiarly appropriate to the character of the British Commonwealth," as an official communiqué put it a few years ago. Thus Lord Altrincham solemnly teaches us that the periodical meetings of official Commonwealth representatives, which differ in no way from any other international gatherings, and are only too often as barren of results, come under the heading of "constitutional organisation." Professor Mansergh, like many other writers, devotes several pages to an enthusiastic description of the "machinery" for permanent consultation among the Commonwealth nations, which actually differs from an ordinary diplomatic network only in that the Commonwealth consultants are called High Commissioners instead of Ambassadors or Ministers.

The British attitude toward the Commonwealth is remarkably reminiscent of that of the emperor's subjects in Andersen's fairy tale who went into such raptures over their sovereign's nonexistent new clothes. Even those who admit that the emperor is really only dressed in a shirt do not find such an admission in any way damning, since according to them any lack of fine constitutional clothes is fully compensated for by the stout heart that beats under the scant attire. Their hymn of praise runs: ". . . a mission to mankind of good will, good government, and human co-operation, a mission of freedom and human helpfulness . . . [whose] contribution in human qualities of balance and moderation, good sense, good humour and fair play, moral purpose and outlook is of a very special character" (Field Marshal Smuts), and whose moral unity, "like the mysterious electric waves which science has still but partly mastered, is a solid and incontrovertible fact without which civilisation . . . would not have survived" (Altrincham). If the foreign unbeliever loves his British friends, he will let it go at that. He will not point out that the spontaneous succor which Commonwealth subjects of British descent gave to the threatened motherland is really a normal consequence of the fact that John Bull, in his days of glory, succeeded in reproducing his flesh, blood, and spirit on three different continents.

Why does the cult exist at all? An Australian writer, Professor W. K. Hancock, one of the few Commonwealth heretics I have come across, attributes it partly to a national inclination to idealize all things British. "The prevailing mood [in Lord Balfour's speeches]," he observes, "was that of God's Englishman, to whom a precious and peculiar revelation had been vouchsafed."

But while national self-admiration may account for the excesses of the cult, I would suggest that its origin lies rather in a spiritual process very similar to that which governs the religious beliefs of the vast majority of mankind. Just as man constructs a mystique to escape from the unbearable recognition of his own mortality, so the Briton has constructed the intangible Commonwealth to evade recognition of the painful truth: "*Sic transit gloria imperii.*" There is no better proof of the essentially mystical character of the cult than the fact that the worshipers have equipped themselves not only with a dogma but also with those two indispensable elements in any religious system, a teleology and a mythology.

As far as a teleology is concerned, I have already spoken of the widely held belief that the Commonwealth is destined to serve as the pattern and even "the nucleus of a world order"—a view that few non-Britons can share. Nor will the foreign infidel find it easy to accept the mythological version of the history of the Commonwealth. Where we see the Commonwealth as the outcome of a process of dissolution, the British insist that it is "the outcome of a process of growth . . . a new political entity come into being to meet the needs of a new age" (Sir Alfred Zimmern), "a great achievement of statesmanship" (H. V. Hodson).

Anyone even faintly familiar with history, to say nothing of contemporary history in Asia and Ireland, must surely recognize that Britain's former empire has become an alumni association under the same nationalistic pressure that caused the fall of so many earlier empires. When one recognizes, moreover, that Britain, the former imperial ruler, which in 1926 could still maintain that the sovereignty of the Dominions did not include the right to secession or neutrality, has now been forced under South African and Asian pressure to concede even these two cardinal points, it becomes even more difficult to view the evolution of the Empire into the Commonwealth as a constructive one. Yet that is exactly how the British insist on seeing it. Why? At least partly, I suggest, because they cannot bring themselves to admit that all that is left of their former world power is what Macaulay once called "the imperishable Empire of our arts and our morals, our literature and our laws."

Justifiable national pride, fed on a century of truly phenomenal success, compels the British to persuade themselves at all costs that a once all-powerful empire has not gone the way of the

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Roman Imperium, that it has not disintegrated, but, thanks to the Briton's unique political genius, has been transformed into a new sort of empire, a highly mysterious institution "inexplicable in bygone terms" and "bearing no real resemblance to any other political organization that now exists or has ever been tried."

It is to maintain this comforting belief that the British have created a mythology capable of accounting for the miraculous transformation. It is for this reason, too, that they make a virtue of all such shortcomings of their deity as are difficult to reconcile with their dogma. Thus, the absence of a written or an unwritten constitution, and of any central governmental organs (which is due, of course, to the insistence of the Dominions on absolute freedom of action), is glorified as a proof of typical British subtlety, very superior to the formalism of the naive foreigner who believes that such an organization needs an executive committee and some bylaws. More than that, the Briton will argue that it is just because of this lack of any organic structure that the Commonwealth is a political entity. Thus, again, the fact that the members of the club do not have a common foreign, defense, or economic policy and "indeed do not aspire to one," is hailed as a sign of "great and growing intimacy among the member states." Thus, finally, their insistence on unrestricted exercise of their national sovereignty, which, of course, is the real explanation for the absence of a common policy, and their consequent refusal to contemplate the setting up of any federal institutions, is welcomed as proof that "they have realized instinctively . . . that the nation-state is the largest political unit . . . within which true democracy can function" (Altrincham).

In short, not only are the clothes the emperor is not wearing praised to the skies, but also the very visible holes in his shirt. And that all this may indeed be fairly described as a conscious or unconscious rationalization of unpalatable realities can be demonstrated by reference to a single historical fact. As the official publication, *Origins and Purpose: a Handbook on the Commonwealth of Nations,* tells us, British statesmen originally hoped that their colonial wards would not cut adrift from the mother country when they had come to political maturity, but would enjoy their newly won liberties as self-governing peoples within the framework of an Imperial federation. Plans for such a federation flourished in one form or another from the 1880's until 1914, and it was only when they had to be abandoned because of the colonies' determination to demand their full pound of independent nationhood that the British discovered the mystical glories of having no framework at all. In the same way they make

a virtue out of a necessity when they hail the absence of any functional integration as a sign of "growing intimacy" within the Commonwealth.

Five years ago Lord Halifax made a speech in which he suggested that it was high time for members of the Commonwealth to start thinking about measures for closer integration. This trial balloon was, of course, promptly shot down in flames by Dominion statesmen, and no similar ones have been sent up.

The conclusion would seem to be, in this writer's opinion, that the Commonwealth is really nothing but a gigantic fraud. Yet that is certainly not the impression with which he would like to leave the reader. It is easy to demonstrate that the British Salome, whom so many of her admirers—though not all—dress up in seven veils of mysticism, has no flesh or bones under these garments. But that is not necessarily to say this ethereal body could not harbor a very lively spirit.

It is the spirit that counts, the spirit that in 1939 made Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa act as if the Commonwealth were very much of a political reality indeed. This is not mysticism or mythology, but history. Owing to the very existence of the myth, the Commonwealth, as Hitler learned, overnight became vastly more than a myth. In peacetime the *Fideles Britannici,* which is all that is left of the former *Cives Britannici,* had no more practiced what they preached than the worshipers of any other deity are wont to do. Though dutifully observing the rites of the cult, they had honored the dogma more in the breach than in the observance. Yet in the hour of need they proved that, while having shown themselves unable to *live* according to their faith, they were capable and willing to *die* for it. And it was this revelation that the spirit can become flesh, or, as Churchill has said, that "the bonds of the spirit can rise superior alike to the most tempting allurements of surrender and the harshest threats of doom," which enabled him to claim proudly that the British Empire did not need to be tied together with "bits of string."

Hence, the average Briton's contempt for constitutional parchments and paper commitments. He is not at all put out when you prove his beloved Commonwealth is nothing but a constitutional myth. His reply is that, when all is said and done, every political entity, however closely knit, is essentially a myth and able to manifest itself as a reality only by virtue of the believers' willingness to live up to their myth. He will maintain that it is the strength of their belief that matters, and not whether they have chosen to inscribe it on tablets of stone or merely to carry it in their hearts. He will claim finally that it is owing to his very willingness to dispense with such encumbrances and instead to rely on faith alone that he has succeeded, with inestimable benefits to the cause of the free world as a whole, in coaxing the virulent new nationalisms of Asia into the magic circle of the Commonwealth.

Though it is too early to say whether these new and dark-skinned members of the circle will show themselves as steady in the faith as their fellow members of British descent, and thus enable the myth once again to manifest itself as a political reality, it must be admitted that the priests of the Commonwealth have yet to be proved wrong.

—J. H. Huizinga

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Haiti

Landscape and Morale

Estimé

On May 10, a dispatch from Port-au-Prince reported that Haiti's President, Dumarsais Estimé, had resigned after several days of demonstrations precipitated by the President's attempt to put through a constitutional amendment which would have allowed him to succeed himself. After Estimé's resignation the government was taken over by a junta led by Brigadier General Frank Lavaud, Colonel Paul Magloire, and Major Antoine Levelt.

Mr. Wilson's three articles on Haiti were, of course, written some time before these events, but in the May 9 issue of *The Reporter* he described the background of political tension which preceded the present crisis. In the course of this article Mr. Wilson said, ". . . Estimé has recently shown evidence of yielding to the same compulsion, apparently irresistible in Haiti, which has brought so many of his predecessors to violent or ignominious ends."—THE EDITORS

Port-au-Prince is a lovely little harbor that may recall southern Italy, but only to make you feel essential differences. Italy is always solid, the color is likely to be laid on thick; but Port-au-Prince is insubstantial, with no sharp brightness or sudden contrasts.

As I look out, in mid-afternoon, above the white wooden lace of the hotel veranda, down over the shadowed green treetops sown with roofs of the loose-knit town, and beyond the few white spires and domes and low bulks of public buildings picked out among the greenery by vivid sun, where the warm red-and-blue of the Haitian flag flies from a wireless spindle above the Exposition, I see the blue of the water in varied shades of *taffetas changeant* pulled taut under the close-hanging clouds, not too heavily saturated with rain, that stretch along the bare coastal hills: to the south, greenish shallows; to the north, a blue surface so tender that, set off by a little white sail or two, it seems nothing so dense as water, but some element sheerly aesthetic, the discovery of a delicate water-colorist. Then, even during the short time I watch it, the dim blue of the mountains, darkening, begins to show faintly purple, the shallows on the left deepen to gradations of color that are never abrupt, and the pure hue of that sensitive lap of the inmost part of the bay takes on a violet tinge.

An hour and a half later, as I sat at the Savoy Café with a lime-flavored lemonade, I gazed out again on the clouds, which were now a soft diluted gray canopying a sunset sky of a dull but soft diluted orange—all of this less like natural phenomena than light tints laid on by brush. To the south, above the nearer mountains, the rain clouds, still hardly inclement, were full of enchanting effects—these, too, the work of some master—of a fastidiously diluted inkiness. Sometimes these clouds were yellow—a pale yellow that was firmer than vapor but for which even the fluff of spun sugar or some orange-flavored whipped-up dessert would provide too material a simile.

The charming gentleness of this landscape seems to be felt in the habits of the people. Combined with the influence of French manners, it has made them restrained and quiet. In all matters of social relations, the taste of the Haitians is perfect. They criticize Negroes from the United States on the grounds that they are loud, that they are flashy, and that they like to play the clown. The Haitians rarely raise their voices and are usually soberly dressed and decorously behaved.

It is odd to see an altercation between a taxi driver and his passenger. If you want to be driven somewhere in Port-au-Prince, you simply stand on the side of the street, and somebody will pick you up, either a taxi or a private car which offers to do duty as

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a taxi. In the taxi you may find other fares, with whom you exchange polite greetings and to whom you say *au revoir* when you or they get out. On one occasion a wispy mulatto who stammered, with whom I had shared a cab, refused to give the driver the two gourdes he asked, and when the man insisted, went through the motions of getting back into the car and having himself driven to the police station to settle it with the authorities. The driver let him go for one gourde, but was extremely bitter about it. Yet the argument had all been conducted in tones that would never have conveyed anything but amiability to one who had not understood what was being said. On another occasion, a girl got out and walked away without having paid her fare. *"Vous n'avez pas payé, Mademoiselle,"* the driver reminded her. The passenger expressed contrition. *"Ça arrive à tout le monde,"* the driver reassured her.

The sea and the sky and the mountains are full of nuances at Port-au-Prince, but the harbor is self-contained, a little too much shut in on itself. It hardly seems to open on larger seas, and the great lozenge of the Ile de la Gonave figures as a kind of stopper. No city I have ever visited has seemed to me so much a complete little world; and this evidently has its inconveniences if you have to live in Port-au-Prince. It is too hard to get away from home. Everyone knows everyone else. When you are going to see one of the élite, you do not need to know his address: You simply tell the taxi driver his name. And everybody knows everybody else's business, as they do in all little old cities, where the families are mostly related. If the gossip is not interesting, they fabricate fantastic scandals.

Yet for a stranger from the United States, after the vast uniformity of Miami or New York, a capital like Port-au-Prince exercises a strong attraction. Just as, swimming face down with a glass mask among the coral forests of the shallows, there is revealed to one the heightened mauves of sea fans and the elaborate branching of madrepores, the blue-and-yellow and silver-black fishes slipping by under one's very nose, that were invisible from the surface in apparently limpid depths, so, too, in the town of Port-au-Prince, which may at first sight seem meager and drab, the scrutiny of closer acquaintance shows a society that, though small, is rich in interest because it is made up of individuals. As in an eighteenth-century town like Dublin, everybody has an audience—for everybody is a "character," and the characters must put on a drama. Though anyone who is used to the freedom of the anonymous American cities might in the long run find Port-au-Prince cramping, it seems much more satisfactory humanly to anyone who has a memory of the older kind of American community, where everybody was something or somebody.

Not that Haiti is much like America, though it has something in common with Louisiana; nor is it very much like western Europe. The country that it reminds me of most is Greece. Haiti and Greece are both special cases; but besides this peculiarity, they have several things in common. You find in Haiti, as you do in Greece, a history of heroic freedom alternating with foreign oppression, a tradition of a kind of democracy that is dependent on an inferior class and of a kind of individualism that has produced the insatiable tyrant as well as the tyrannicide; you find, derived from all this, an intense and jealous nationalism in a country too small in the modern world not be preyed upon and to have to be protected by larger powers. You find also similar problems of reviving a deteriorated soil, rendered arid by deforestation; of an educated, if not modernized, minority confronted by an unschooled peasantry resigned to conditions of living perhaps hundreds of centuries old; and of a literary language—in Haiti French, in Greece the so-called *katharevoussa* based on classical Greek—competing with a popular dialect: Creole, *demotiké*. Haiti itself, of course, has no such background as the ancient Greek civilization; but the

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civilization of France has given it something not unlike this.

The contrast between the classical and the popular culture was illustrated in a striking way by two theatrical entertainments at which I "assisted." One of these was an excellent performance at the Rex of Jean Anouilh's *Antigone*. The manager and principal actor, M. Charles de Catalognue, has had professional training in Paris, and was impressively brassy as Creon. A young amateur, Mlle. Adrienne Déjoie, was both statuesque and passionate as Antigone. This modernized classic of the 1940's, though full of contemporary allusions and written not in Alexandrines but in prose, runs to tirades that recall the Comédie Française, and these two actors sustained their declamatory scenes, and, reliably supported by the other characters, the whole long single act of the play, with a dignity and a vigor that held from beginning to end an audience that had not hesitated to manifest extreme dissatisfaction when the curtain did not go up on time.

The other was a brilliant evening of musical entertainment at the open-air theater at the Exposition. The producer and chief dancer, M. Jean-Léon Destiné, has been working with Katherine Dunham in New York, and has brought back one of her women dancers, Mlle. Jeanne Raymond. He has selected with much taste and intelligence first-rate specimens of all the popular musical forms, and produced these with imagination. You have Mlle. Lumaine Casimir, the Creole Yvette Guilbert; Ti Ro-Ro, the top Haitian drummer; gay-costumed colonial folk dances that queerly combine Negro incantation with eighteenth-century minuets; voodoo ceremonies that, even thus theatricalized, manage to be enthralling, with their stooping evolutions of white-gowned figures, their writhings along the ground, and their crises of possession and sacrifice; and a whole suite of current *méringues*, a kind of dance music that is a specialty of Haiti, for which the bare orchestra of drums is backed by a row of horns.

These drums are omnipresent in Port-au-Prince. They look primitive and are played with the hands, but the drummers have acquired great skill and are capable of complex rhythms. One of the most curious numbers was a "conversation" between drums, performed by Ti Ro-Ro and another drummer. The people in the hills, it seems, communicate with one another by an established drumming code. The audience laughed delightedly at some of the drummed responses, but whether because they could interpret something definite that was being said or simply as one is amused by the interchanges of Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle in Mussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition," I was not able to tell. From the opening of the Exposition the drumming in Port-au-Prince was all-pervasive and inescapable. One could hear it going on all night in cabarets and bars and probably in voodoo rituals, sometimes so far away that one could hardly catch the rhythm, but vibrating like a taut thread of wire that ran through the barking of vagrant dogs, the nocturnal crowing of fighting cocks, and the deep, somber booming of bells that summoned to four-o'clock Mass. One day I met a bootblack who was beating out a rhythm on the shoeshining box he carried.

Between the open-air theater and the Rex, there is a conspicuous discrepancy of taste in everything except the acting art. At the former, the décor and the costuming—pinks and yellows and blues against tropical green—had the freshness of West Indian nature. At the latter, the lighting of *Antigone* was so very clumsily handled that the actors cast shadows on each other's faces; and at a benefit performance I attended, where *jeunes filles* played *morceaux* by Chopin and young men recited speeches from *Chantecler*, the backdrop was punctured and gashed, and the setting for a little play of Géraldy consisted of squiggly brown curtains, painted-on yellow doorways, department-store furniture of wicker and wood, and a small picture which, though it figured in the action, was hung so high above the characters' heads that it was impossible for any of them to look at it. The theater itself is a barn, in which, during intermissions, a metallic and hoarse loudspeaker is remorselessly made to cough out over and over again what must once have been a female voice singing a Strauss waltz.

The houses and dress of the bourgeoisie, even when the people are rich, are, so far as I could see, in general no more decorative than the Rex. Amid

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the purples and scarlets and greens of the flowers and foliage of Haiti, the costuming and setting of human life have been allowed to remain strangely dreary. The only humanly prepared treats for the visual sense that I remember to have encountered in Port-au-Prince were the show at the Bicentennial Exposition and some of the primitive painting.

The women are another matter. You see them at their best at the Rex or at the night club at the Exposition. The Haitian women are exceptionally beautiful, and they present the peculiarity of belonging to a variety of types.

There is the merry-eyed and lively black Negro girl, who has evidently been picked out for her prettiness to sell programs and raise money for future productions; the trim little slender mulatto, of a pale olive that verges on lemon, who blends with her French refinement something of Negro warmth; the French matron, charmingly coffee-stained, with straight nose and oval face, who sits sedate by her husband or children; and the woman with bronze-tinged hair and mat white skin, rose-flushed with a faintly toasted nuance, as to whose histrionic brown eyes and plump gesticulatory hands it would be hard to tell whether they were Negro or simply meridional. I sat, at one Rex performance, behind a group of good-looking young girls, all evidently well-to-do and on an equal social footing, whose complexions ranged from white to almost black, and who presented me with a row of coiffures that included straight brown hair worn in the white woman's way, hair that was reddish but crinkly, and abundant black hair that was straight. Another girl sitting near me had a prodigious dense head of black crepy hair; and there were an old lady, quite brown of complexion but with white hair that was not that of a Negro, and a man who was even darker but had black glossy hair slicked back.

In no such cosmopolitan gathering as one might find in New York or Paris could differences in nationality, differences in social origin, be read on the flesh so plainly, but here the mixtures of blood appear literally in black and white, in hair that is knotted or loose. Yet these textures and shades that declare the race make also a reduction to absurdity, since the people, so variously tinted, are inextricably bound together by the ties of common blood. The absurdity is all the greater because, of two sisters or brothers, one may be almost completely negroid, the other almost completely white. This upper-class society of Port-au-Prince is, as I have already said, a complicated web of distinctions; but the snobbery of the Haitian élite is similarly a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory and practice of snobbery. For in Haiti not only color but family is terribly important, very much as it is in our Southern states. You find not only mulattoes who, if one of Emil Roumer's satiric poems is based, as I suppose, on fact, insist that they have no Negro blood and ascribe their ineffaceable tan to the aboriginal Santo Domingan Indians whom the Spaniards exterminated (but who did, as a matter of fact, leave a certain admixture of genes to the peoples who superseded them). You find also, in the hyphenated names that are adopted by many Haitians—as you do in the family middle names that are common in the United States—an eagerness to claim the prestige of a distinguished maternal line. I know one able and cultivated Haitian, who has studied in several countries and works for an international organization but who, though he does not need this recommendation anywhere else except in Haiti, has attached to his father's name the name of his mother's family, because it was originally borne by a Negro who escaped from his captors as soon as he reached Santo Domingo, and, surviving in the mountains, in hiding along with other fugitives, left one of the only Negro names in Haiti which have never had to pass through slavery.

Yet the conflict between cultures at

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different levels, the oscillations between impulses in different directions, the confusion of passions and aims, are involved in all relationships for Haitians. It is this that makes Haiti interesting—and important out of proportion to its size—this and its unique situation of finding itself in a position to work out these black-and-white problems independently of the cramping and crippling inflicted by a white man's government. So jealous of their freedom are the Haitians—and the spirit that dislodged our occupation was the same as that which vanquished the French—that they do not even care to know much of the affairs of the other West Indies, where the Negro is still kept in an inferior position. The stranger is surprised to find that, except recently, for pleasure expeditions to Cuba, the Haitians do not visit their neighbors and, though they usually know their own history well, may even be rather ignorant about events in the other islands during the colonial period.

On our side, for a white native of the United States, a trip to Haiti is immensely instructive. If he has been discouraged or depressed by the Negro life of Harlem as well as the South, he may be surprised to find Haiti stimulating. He will note that, though the French were bad masters, they left the Haitians a sounder kind of education than the black Americans got (though the Haitian Justin Lhérisson, in his satirical novelette *La Famille des Pitite-Caille,* gives an example of a Negro oration which, for polysyllabic nonsense, sounds exactly like Father Divine). He will try to take account of the theory that the stock of the African tribes from which the Haitians come was superior to that of our Negroes. He may wonder whether the nuisance of segregation may not have kept him from knowing the best of the American Negroes. He may decide that, however all this may be, our Negroes were particularly unfortunate in having had to share the defeat of the South, in the sense that they were fatally involved in its decadence and humiliation. In the Haitian revolution, the men of color won; in our Civil War, they were freed but remained among the beaten.

And in Haiti, for all their fiascoes, they have made something out of their mixture. It is something which is not provincial French, which is still less a reversion to Africa; it is a spirit and a point of view that are not likely to be easily malleable to either the South or the North American mold. The Haitian —between the Americas, between the New World and Europe—is in a peculiarly advantageous situation to have an international sense of history; but he is not merely international, he is also interracial. In an epoch absolutely demented with trumped-up nationalisms and racisms, it is possible for him to see the world in purely human terms.

In Haiti there is an irreducible first-rateness, to which all these conditions contribute. One feels it not only in the novels of Philippe Thoby-Marcelin and Pierre Marcelin, with their clear

intellect and their unashamed humanity; one feels it also in such a monograph as Dorsainville's inquiry into voodoo, with its historical and psychological learning, and its assurance in tackling directly and coming to its own conclusions about the outlawed native material that scientists abroad had not treated; you feel it even in the more academic work of a writer like Dantès Bellegarde, which in its French conventionalizing of history still manages to be true to Haiti. You feel it most of all in those young men and women, bored with the bourgeois amenities and disgusted with the infantile politics, in touch with the great movements of contemporary thought and at home in the outside world, who, as teachers, as physicians, as engineers, as agricultural experts, are studying the needs of their country and trying to teach and construct. Such people are comparable, it seems to me, to the best of their kind in the world.

There is a weakness of the Haitian intelligentsia of which one is sometimes told. The varied elements in their personalities make it hard for them to take a consistent stand, to see a project through. It is said that they tend to agree sincerely with anyone who tries to convince them, and then to be convinced sincerely by the opposite point of view. Certainly one is sometimes astonished to find that some champion of a cause, whom one knows to be high-minded and intelligent, has been lately on the other side. But there are also strong individuals who have concentrated their disparate instincts and who have known how to speak and to act with force. To be a first-rate Haitian, perhaps, one must prove oneself twice a man—or rather, one must prove oneself a man, and not merely a nationalist or the member of a particular race or class.

There is a discord at the roots of the Haitian people which is harsher even than that of race. Jacques Roumain has put it with bitterness in his novel *Les Fantoches:* "The Haitian aristocrat does indeed hold by deep fibers to France. He has not forgotten that the cradle of his birth was some dark hall of a colonial house, the night when a white man, excited with drink, threw down the Negro slave who was his grandmother." Is this an unhappy fate? Is it a handicap? It is a challenge, much plainer for the Haitian than for the products of a more comfortable breeding, to derive from the outrage, the brutishness, that lie at the roots of all life some assertion of the dignity of humankind. And this challenge, even when the worst has been said, the Haitians have somehow met.

—Edmund Wilson

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The Negro in Paris

In Paris nowadays it is rather more difficult for an American Negro to become a really successful entertainer than it is rumored to have been some thirty years ago. For one thing, champagne has ceased to be drunk out of slippers, and the frivolously colored thousand-franc note is neither as elastic nor as freely spent as it was in the 1920's. The musicians and singers who are here now must work very hard indeed to acquire the polish and style which will land them in the big time. Bearing witness to this eternally tantalizing possibility, performers whose eminence is unchallenged, like Duke Ellington or Louis Armstrong, occasionally pass through. Some of their ambitious followers are in or near the big time already; others are gaining reputations which have yet to be tested in the States. Josephine Premice, who was just beginning to be known when I left New York, is here now singing in one of the Right Bank's more elegant establishments; Gordon Heath, who will be remembered for his performances as the embattled soldier in Broadway's *Deep Are the Roots* some seasons back, sings ballads nightly in his own night club on the Rue L'Abbaye; and everyone who comes to Paris these days sooner or later discovers Chez Inez, a night club in the Latin Quarter run by a singer named Inez Cavanaugh, which specializes in fried chicken and jazz. It is at Chez Inez that many an unknown first performs in public, going on thereafter, if not always to greater triumphs, at least to other night clubs, and possibly landing a contract to tour the Riviera during the spring and summer.

In general, only the Negro entertainers are able to maintain a useful and unquestioning comradeship with other Negroes. Their nonperforming, colored countrymen are, nearly to a man, incomparably more isolated, and it must be conceded that this isolation is deliberate. It is estimated that there are five hundred American Negroes now living in this city, the vast majority of them veterans studying on the G.I. Bill. They are studying everything from the Sorbonne's standard *Cour de Civilization Française* to abnormal psychology, brain surgery, music, fine arts, and literature. Their isolation from each other is not difficult to understand if one bears in mind the axiom, unquestioned by American landlords, that Negroes are happy only when they are kept together. Those driven to break this pattern by leaving the U. S. ghettos have effected not merely a social and physical leave-taking but have also been precipitated into cruel psychological warfare. It is altogether inevitable that past humiliations should become associated not only with one's traditional oppressors but also with one's traditional kinfolk.

Thus the sight of a face from home is not invariably a source of joy, but can also quite easily become a source of embarrassment or rage. The American Negro in Paris is forced at last to exercise an undemocratic discrimination rarely practiced by Americans, that of judging his people, duck by duck, and distinguishing them one from another. Through this deliberate isolation, through lack of numbers, and above all through his own overwhelming need

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to be, as it were, forgotten, the American Negro in Paris is very nearly the invisible man.

The wariness with which he regards his colored kin is a natural extension of the wariness with which he regards all of his countrymen. At the beginning, certainly, he cherishes rather exaggerated hopes of the French. His white countrymen, by and large, fail to justify his fears, partly because the social climate does not encourage an outward display of racial bigotry, partly out of their awareness of being ambassadors, and finally, I should think, because they are themselves relieved at being no longer forced to think in terms of color. There remains, nevertheless, in the encounter of white Americans and Negro Americans the high potential of an awkward or an ugly situation.

The white American regards his darker brother through the distorting screen created by a lifetime of conditioning. He is accustomed to regard him as either a needy and deserving martyr or as the soul of rhythm, but he is more than a little intimidated to find this stranger so many miles from home. At first he tends instinctively, whatever his intelligence may belatedly clamor, to take it as a reflection on his personal honor and good will; and at the same time, with that winning generosity, at once good-natured and uneasy, which characterizes Americans, he would like to establish communication, and sympathy, with his compatriot. "And how do *you* feel about it?" he would like to ask, "it" being anything—the Russians, Betty Grable, the Place de la Concorde. The trouble here is that any "it," so tentatively offered, may suddenly become loaded and vibrant with tension, creating in the air between the two thus met an intolerable atmosphere of danger.

The Negro, on the other hand, via the same conditioning which constricts the outward gesture of the whites, has learned to anticipate: As the mouth opens he divines what the tongue will utter. He has had time, too, long before he came to Paris, to reflect on the absolute and personally expensive futility of taking any one of his countrymen to task for his status in America, or of hoping to convey to them any of his experience. The American Negro and white do not, therefore, discuss the past, except in considerately guarded snatches. Both are quite willing, and indeed quite wise, to remark instead the considerably overrated impressiveness of the Eiffel Tower.

The Eiffel Tower has naturally long since ceased to divert the French, who consider that all Negroes arrive from America, trumpet-laden and twinkle-toed, bearing scars so unutterably painful that all of the glories of the French Republic may not suffice to heal them. This indignant generosity poses problems of its own, which, language and custom being what they are, are not so easily averted.

The European tends to avoid the really monumental confusion which might result from an attempt to apprehend the relationship of the forty-eight states to one another, clinging instead to such information as is afforded by radio, press, and film, to anecdotes considered to be illustrative of American life, and to the myth that we have ourselves perpetuated. The result, in conversation, is rather like seeing one's back yard reproduced with extreme fidelity, but in such a perspective that it becomes a place which one has never seen or visited, which never has existed, and which never can exist. The Negro is forced to say "Yes" to many a difficult question, and yet to deny the conclusion to which his answers seem to point. His past, he now realizes, has not been simply a series of ropes and bonfires and humiliations, but something vastly more complex, which, as he thinks painfully, "It was much worse than that," was also, he irrationally feels, something much better. As it is useless to excoriate his countrymen, it is galling now to be pitied as a victim, to accept this ready sympathy which is limited only by its failure to accept him as an American. He finds himself involved, in another language, in the same old battle: the battle for his own identity. To accept the reality of his being an American becomes a matter involving his integrity and his greatest hopes, for only by accepting this reality can he hope to make articulate to himself or to others the uniqueness of his experience, and to set free the spirit so long anonymous and caged.

The ambivalence of his status is thrown into relief by his encounters

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with the Negro students from France's colonies who live in Paris. The French African comes from a region and a way of life which—at least from the American point of view—is exceedingly primitive, and where exploitation takes more naked forms. In Paris, the African Negro's status, conspicuous and subtly inconvenient, is that of a colonial; and he leads here the intangibly precarious life of someone abruptly and recently uprooted. His bitterness is unlike that of his American kinsman in that it is not so treacherously likely to be turned against himself. He has, not so very many miles away, a homeland to which his relationship, no less than his responsibility, is overwhelmingly clear: His country must be given —or it must seize—its freedom. This bitter ambition is shared by his fellow colonials, with whom he has a common language, and whom he has no wish whatever to avoid; without whose sustenance, indeed, he would be almost altogether lost in Paris. They live in groups together, in the same neighborhoods, in student hotels and under conditions which cannot fail to impress the American as almost unendurable.

Yet what the American is seeing is not simply the poverty of the student but the enormous gap between the European and American standards of living. *All* of the students in the Latin Quarter live in ageless, sinister-looking hotels; they are all forced continually to choose between cigarettes and cheese at lunch.

It is true that the poverty and anger which the American Negro sees must be related to Europe and not to America. Yet, as he wishes for a moment that he were home again, where at least the terrain is familiar, there begins to race within him, like the beat of the tom-tom, echoes of a past which he has not yet been able to utilize, intimations of a responsibility which he has not yet been able to face. He begins to conjecture how much he has gained and lost during his long sojourn in the American Republic. The African before him has endured privation, injustice, medieval cruelty; but the African has not yet endured the utter alienation of himself from his people and his past. His mother did not sing "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," and he has not, all his life long, ached for acceptance in a culture which pronounced straight hair and white skin the only acceptable beauty.

They face each other, the Negro and the African, over a gulf of three hundred years—an alienation too vast to be conquered in an evening's good will, too heavy and too double-edged ever to be trapped in speech. This alienation causes the Negro to recognize that he is a hybrid. Not a physical hybrid merely: In every aspect of his living he betrays the memory of the auction block and the impact of the happy ending. In white Americans he finds reflected—repeated, as it were, in a higher key—his tensions, his terrors, his tenderness. Dimly and for the first time, there begins to fall into perspective the nature of the roles they have played in the lives and history of each other. Now he is bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh; they have loved and hated and obsessed and feared each other and his blood is in their soil. Therefore he cannot deny them, nor can they ever be divorced.

The American Negro cannot explain to the African what surely seems in himself to be a want of manliness, of racial pride, a maudlin ability to forgive. It is difficult to make clear that he is not seeking to forfeit his birthright as a black man, but that, on the contrary, it is precisely this birthright which he is struggling to recognize and make articulate. Perhaps it now occurs to him that in this need to establish himself in relation to his past he is most American, that this depthless alienation from oneself and one's people is, in sum, the American experience.

Yet one day he will face his home again; nor can he realistically expect to find overwhelming changes. In America, it is true, the appearance is perpetually changing, each generation greeting with short-lived exultation yet more dazzling additions to our renowned façade. But the ghetto, anxiety, bitterness, and guilt continue to breed their indescribable complex of tensions. What time will bring Americans is at last their own identity. It is on this dangerous voyage and in the same boat that the American Negro will make peace with himself and with the voiceless many thousands gone before him. —James Baldwin

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The Brown-Tape Menace

In these days of technological legerdemain, the next voice you hear on the radio may or may not be saying what it said when it passed the speaker's lips. The laughter that underlines a radio comedian's joke may come from the studio audience—or it may come from another audience laughing at another joke six months ago. The exceptionally smooth broadcast of the Beethoven Op. 132 may be a crazy quilt of eight different performances played at different times, and the cellist who plays the andante movement may not be the one who plays the final allegro.

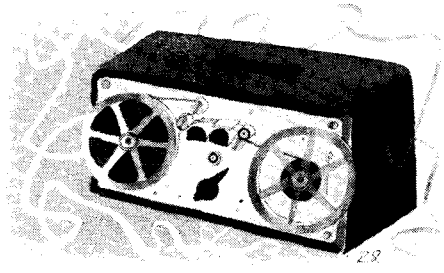
All these and a number of other rearrangements of the natural course of events are made possible, and even easy, by the magnetic tape recorder, an electronic gadget that impresses sound magnetically on long strips of chocolate-brown cellulose tape about a quarter-inch wide. The tape, which is impregnated with particles of metallic oxide, runs through the recorder like film through a movie camera and is variably magnetized according to the variations of the recorded sound. In the radio studios, the advertising agencies, and the record companies, tape recording is the Last Word.

From the point of view of the engineer and the broadcaster, the tape recorder *is* something uncommonly close to perfection. Its records give no extraneous noise and remain unchanged and undamaged after hundreds or thousands of playings. They are also inherently more lifelike than disk records. As the engineers say, "Their fidelity is excellent." But the biggest advantage of the brown tape is its complete lack of fidelity in the nonengineering sense. The record can be cut with a razor blade and joined together with a piece of gummed tape, leaving an absolutely inaudible splice. Any noise, speech, or music recorded on tape can be edited into any sequence with any omissions that the recording expert desires.

The editing of sound is not a completely new technique, but it has been difficult and clumsy with other types of recording equipment. A measure of the control possible with tape is what was recently done to a fifteen-minute recorded speech. The speaker inadvertently used the plural instead of the singular in several instances. Instead of making another record, the engineers were able to snip off the terminal "s's" from the nouns and paste them on the verbs that needed them.

Everyone connected with broadcasting is delighted with tape, for at last these gentry are free of the big second hand on the studio clock. A show can be recorded in relaxed ease and then trimmed to fit the allotted time with mathematical precision. The blunders and fluffs, the blank pauses, the er-ing and ah-ing, the sneezes, the libels, and the four-letter words can be neatly excised. The joke that passed over the audience's head or beneath its notice can be capped with contagious guffaws from the library. And the member of the panel discussion who said the wrong thing can be banished into his proper limbo. As one producer explains, "It gives us a real chance to be creative." It certainly does, if creativeness consists in using sounds and words the way a child uses a set of blocks.

Already tape recording has moved out of the field of pure entertainment into those of business and organized social activity. Companies are recording pep talks by their presidents and using them to spur the activity of their branch offices—first, of course, correcting any errors of syntax or sense that may have crept into the original speech. The atmosphere of college reunions has also been successfully embalmed. With the insertion of a few of the good old tunes as sung by the glee club (and the omission of what Evarts, '37, called the dean in an audible aside), these tapes are a notable mixture of nostalgic good-fellowship and judicious fund-raising.



A whole new field for tape is opening up in politics, and Governor Chester Bowles is said to be planning to use it in the next Connecticut election campaign. The idea is to go into the streets and factories and record on tape what Mr. Average Citizen thinks of his state's Democratic administration. The tapes will then be edited and broadcast. Certainly there is nothing against this electioneering technique in the hands of a high-minded—as opposed to high-handed—political machine. One remembers, however, that advertising agencies are now recording testimonials on tape—sometimes taking down public reactions for as long as an hour and a half at a clip before they can capture a minute and a half's worth of felicitous adulatory phrases. Other political uses of tape recording have been the object of speculation. "Of course you could make a backwoods candidate sound like Lord Chesterfield," an executive of a recording company said recently, "but who'd want to?"

In the general enthusiasm over tape recording, everyone seems to have overlooked one fundamental fact: that, except from the scientific point of view, the perfection of tape recording represents a serious retrogression—one further step away from reality.

Nationally, the United States takes its entertainment and its instruction largely from secondary sources: screens, loudspeakers, and heavily edited printed pages. "Live" entertainment has become as rare as "live" teaching. As a result we are frequently more than a little hazy about what actually is "live" and real. The endless reels of brown tape that we are hearing and are going to hear will hardly lessen our confusion. In fact, the magnetic tape recorder, that "creative" instrument, might be regarded as downright dangerous. Some strange confusions can result from turning such a gadget loose on the ninety-plus per cent of our radio audience which, according to a recent survey, does not know the meaning of the word "transcribed," as used in the sentence "This broadcast is transcribed." —Christopher Gerould

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To Man's Measure . . .

Bread

It was not so very long ago that in America Friday was bread-baking day. You do not have to think of Indians peering over the stockade, or of pilgrims catching turkeys, or even of *Huckleberry Finn* (published in 1884), and it was not necessarily barefoot that children who now are men raced home from school on Friday afternoons.

On other afternoons they were not in such a hurry to get home. They could hunt for chestnuts, and, in the autumn, they made fires out of hardwood and buried sweet potatoes in the ashes. In the fall, too, they would rake up the fallen leaves, scuffing through them, and pile them into mounds and burn them. The smoke rose quietly.

Of course, boys burn the leaves in other countries, but for an American the smell of burning leaves in autumn, with the smoke rising slowly in the still air, the flames breaking through, and then smothered with more leaves, is something one never forgets.

In America, in this not-distant past, the woman of the house spent Friday in the kitchen making the family bread. It lasted the week; it kept its taste. It was usually yeast-risen bread, but sometimes it was salt-risen and then it had a different flavor. On Fridays the loaves came out of the oven brown, firm, and hot, and when the kids came home from school the bread would still be hot. They put butter on a slice, sometimes brown sugar, but even without brown sugar the taste of that bread is something one never forgets.

The woman of the house made the bread herself—even when she was "well-to-do," even when she could afford "help." Breadmaking was something you did for yourself—there could be no question about that—something in which you took pride; you performed a function in the home which could not be delegated to anyone else.

"Bought bread" was called "bums' bread," bread for loafers. There was perhaps a local baker, but he sold to the lunch counter opposite the railway depot, and the families that bought from him were considered shiftless. And then, perhaps, a new baker would come to town, a German possibly, and he would have a bright clean shop that smelled of cinnamon—but he did not use the skills he brought from Europe; he used an American formula for making bread faster and cheaper, and in order to sell it—so strong was the national prejudice—he paid a royalty for the privilege of using the brand name "Mother's Bread." But for a long time homemade bread and the yeast companies—Fleischmann's and Magic—held their own. As late as 1929, it was mainly in order to take over Fleischmann's extraordinarily complete distribution system—second in effectiveness only to that of the United States Post Office—that J. P. Morgan organized a group of bankers to buy the company—and others—and create "Standard Brands." The Fleischmann Company had been founded in 1869.

In Europe, breadmaking is based on a communal tradition. You take your flour to the baker. The baker's shop is a characteristic feature of any village street, of any city section, in France, in Italy, in Germany. The baker is someone like the priest, the schoolteacher, the doctor, the mayor: That is to say, there always has to be one. When the father dies, the son inherits the bakeshop, or else there is a cousin available, or sometimes a stranger comes, but soon he is no longer a stranger. A man needs skill to make bread: Breadmaking is a profession; there are standards. In Europe no one needs statistics to know whether things are going well or badly; no one needs to listen to speeches. If there is bread in the bakery, life is endurable. When there is no bread it is outside the baker's shop that crowds assemble and riots start.

In Europe the baker is close to the community he serves. In John Hersey's *The Wall*, there is the baker Menkes, besieged in the ghetto in Warsaw. He is a "conservative." "Up at three in the morning, a session over the mixing tub, a wrestling match with batter, the shaping of loaves, the setting of the dough to rise, the clean, quick, long-stroked work with the oven shovel, and so through the patterned day, indistinguishable from yesterday and the day before, and exactly like a well-assured tomorrow." That is the way he wanted to live—unconcerned with politics. But he was too close to his community; he joined the Underground: "he diluted the flour for the public loaves with chaff, ground peas, crushed groats . . . But those loaves which Menkes baked for his fighting friends were made of pure white flour." Menkes died with his friends.

In America the housewife baked bread for her family; in Europe, the baker—in each street, in each village—baked bread for the community. But in America, now, the bakers, the enormous mechanized baking industry, have to "sell" a "product"—for the first time, perhaps, in any known civilization. In America bread is made by great companies and combinations of companies. These companies now are distressed. Recently, *The Wall Street Journal* expressed their anxieties: Bread sales, the companies say, are off by as much as twenty per cent. The companies complain that some people actually are using "the heel slice on a loaf . . . and that rather dry slice next to it." Can anyone imagine that? Especially any European? The American Bakers Association is therefore preparing the biggest advertising campaign in its history. Breaking in June, the campaign will involve $1,500,000. Already, last Easter, the Dallas Manor Baking Company was giving away a small Princess Aloha orchid specially flown in from Hawaii with the purchase of one of its Lady Orchid Cakes. "Three or four years ago, only two or three colors were used on bread wrappers. Now some bakers are paying five to seven per cent more to get five colors on wrappers."

Perhaps the orchids and the colored wrappers will persuade the housewife to return to the wasteful habit of eating only the inner slices of the loaf. But perhaps also, if bread prices are not attractive—and the bread itself remains tasteless—the housewife could just possibly, in Gandhi-like and effective protest, return to her oven.

—Gouverneur Paulding

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Books

Mail-Order Saga

CATALOGUES AND COUNTERS. *By Boris Emmett and John E. Jeuck. 788 pages. University of Chicago Press, $7.50.*

One of those small but flourishing industries which give so much variety to the free-enterprise system in our day is the manufacture of business history. The process is quite simple: A corporation which seeks immortality even beyond its corporate charter employs a talented, or in any case impressionable, writer to delve into company files and records, to talk with superannuated employees who remember THE FOUNDER, and to see the product into a handsome but often surprisingly inexpensive binding.

The industry also has an élite branch which operates through the business schools and colleges of commerce of the country. In this case the manufacturing process is called research, not writing; the author is an assistant professor of business administration, not a mere journalist; and the product may appear under the imprimatur of a university press or even of a commercial publisher. The whole operation may be quite unsubsidized, although nothing prevents the corporation from compensating for the indifference of the public toward the book.

That indifference is formidable, because, like the companies with which it deals, this history business produces a highly standardized product. It could not be otherwise. It would hardly be fitting to imply that THE FOUNDER was a choleric, egocentric, piratical old coot, since, after all, he started things.

A decent mantle of silence must also be wrapped around the struggle for control which followed the old boy's death—the struggle which led one of his sons to commit slow suicide with the bottle, and left the management with the interesting problem of keeping another son out of the office. The way the company was caught flat-footed by the slump in 1921 and how it overcapitalized itself in 1928 and 1929 must also be omitted. This would reflect on the judgment of men who are alive today. There can be only a passing reference to the stubborn and costly resistance to the CIO in 1937. Anything more would unnecessarily anger the union boys. What is left is a pretty damn impressive record of achievements—or it would be impressive to anyone who read it.

Against this background, a candid business history comes into sharp relief. A new book about Sears, Roebuck and Company by two University of Chicago staff members belongs in this select category. It is perhaps not surprising that it should be about a big retail store, and among big retailers it is even less surprising that it should be about Sears, Roebuck. The attitude of Americans toward big business probably falls somewhere between indifference and hostility. The notable exception is the big store, the business that is closest of all to the citizens, which is normally regarded with something like affection. Where I live there is a large department store which enjoys a community-wide reputation for the fumbling incompetence with which it fills orders and makes deliveries. But everyone speaks of it lovingly when they tell how they ordered soap and received a sofa, bought six glasses and received enough glassware to start a saloon, or, on returning a baby carriage they had not ordered, were sent six more and were billed for a double bed.

Of all retailers none has enjoyed quite so much good will quite so consistently as Sears, Roebuck and Company. The big retailers are well liked because, whatever their faults, they do not underestimate the intelligence of their customers. Pretty generally, they have realized their customers want good merchandise at low prices, and they haven't tried to persuade them to the contrary. This is something that Sears, Roebuck seems never to have lost sight of, and, along with Montgomery Ward, the firm began business when there was an exceptional opportunity to meet this desire. At the turn of the century it broke into a pattern of retail trade which was not competitive, as a superficial glance might suggest,

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but which, in fact, was highly monopolistic. When the mail-order business began expanding there were many hundreds of thousands of local merchants and dealers, but most of them were either inefficient local monopolists or tacit participants in a small-scale conspiracy to keep up prices. They were effectively insulated from competition by miles of execrable roads.

Needless to say, they deeply resented the invasion of the mail-order houses. In some towns boys were paid a dime for each mail-order catalogue brought in for burning. During the 1890's, Sears, Roebuck printed a color picture of Richard Sears in its catalogue to counter a rumor, assiduously spread through the South, that the firm was operated by Negroes. There is a recurrent suspicion in our own time that the big department stores have a large and baneful influence on the metropolitan press, but it is doubtful if there has ever been anything to match the venality of the country newspapers in the fight they waged on the mail-order houses at the behest of local merchants.

Sears, Roebuck did not content itself with a passive defense. In what was certainly an infuriating and probably an unscrupulous *riposte* it blandly told its rural customers that their merchants were also at liberty to buy from Sears at the *same* low prices that they, the customers, enjoyed. It tried hard to convey the impression that many merchants did. The company was not above implying that the local merchants' markup could be regarded as a percentage addition to its own catalogue prices.

Richard Warren Sears, the phenomenal salesman who launched the company, always kept his eye on the main chance, which was to open a show window stocked with cheap and exciting goods for the isolated, overworked, but generally solvent families of the farm belt. The book makes it refreshingly clear that he was burdened neither by an excess of scruples nor by any perceptible capacity for management. He repeatedly used an extraordinarily cheap product to capture attention—say a bicycle at five dollars—and then "traded up" the customer to an expensive model that could be sold at a profit. It is suspected that the cheaper model did not always exist.

Sears enthusiastically promoted the "electric belt," a device "for curing nervous diseases, headaches, and backaches. Are you tired of drugs? Are you sick, weak, and discouraged?"—and which was about as beneficial to the user as sitting under an electric-light bulb. When in later and more moral years it was pointed out to a Sears harness buyer trained in the old tradition that his catalogue claims bore little relation to the quality of the horse blankets he was selling, he replied, "What difference does it make to the horse?" The horse, he added, didn't read the catalogue anyhow.

Until his retirement in 1908 (in a more orderly company history, it would be for "a well-earned rest": in this one it is revealed as the culmination of a long intramural feud) Richard Sears's salesmanship periodically engulfed the company in orders it couldn't fill for merchandise it didn't have. Even in quiet times, the filling of orders and the handling of complaints was a triumph of improvisation over chaos. As late as 1917, when the correspondence department was having pictures taken to show how faithfully it kept abreast of complaints, it was necessary to hide baskets of unanswered letters under the tables. The mechanics of getting out a catalogue which had all of its pages in the right place was not mastered for many years. In 1921, for reasons partly attributable to bad luck, although poor judgment, carelessness, and too much executive golf are given high marks by the authors, Sears, Roebuck narrowly escaped bankruptcy. The book calls it "the debacle of 1921."

Sears was succeeded by Julius Rosenwald. The latter had come into the company in 1895, when the problem of financing the growing enterprise was getting well beyond Sears's limited capacity for coping with it. It is doubtful if Rosenwald could have launched the concern; it is almost completely certain that Sears, had he remained long in control, would have destroyed it. Sooner or later Sears's ebullient salesmanship and his conception of "the farmer's bible" as a repository of only metaphorical truth would have backfired. With Rosenwald as president, the era of glorious nonsense began to come to an end. The meticulous, scrupulous, and apparently somewhat austere manager had replaced the promoter. The catalogue was on its way to becoming an honorable companion piece in the select company of the farmer's library. The business continued to grow, but on a substantially more solid footing. (The book makes it reasonably clear that Sears and Rosenwald disliked each other intensely.)

For in fact it was the good fortune of Sears, Roebuck that it had approximately the man it needed at approximately the time it needed him. The appearance in 1924 of General R. E. Wood, who had no commitments to the mail-order business and who made the conversion to retail stores, was also happily timed. It was Rosenwald, incidentally, who rescued the company after the disaster of 1921. Returning from several years of war service in Washington, he pledged a good part of his personal fortune to bailing out the company. This was no act of devotional loyalty to the concern he had built. He reinvested only after he had been persuaded, with some difficulty, that it was the profitable thing to do.

The question has often been asked—it has long been a favorite gambit of the editors of *Life*—why American business has no literature. A simple answer so far as nonfiction is concerned is that there are too few books like this one, and far too many that censor all that is important, interesting, and real.

This is not to say that Messrs. Emmett and Jeuck have done a perfect job. Their book would have been greatly improved had they used a cleaver on the redundant facts and figures which they have loaded in by the pound. Other reviewers have amiably suggested that this material, while not of much interest to the general reader, is doubtless of great service to the expert. As something of an expert on these matters, I disagree. Nevertheless it is a fine job. It needs to be put firmly on the record that, while it was financed in part by the Rockefeller Foundation, part of the money was put up by Sears, Roebuck itself, and the company must also have been generous in opening its archives. In subsidizing and aiding its own uncensored history, as in selling underwear, cream separators, shotguns, encyclopedias, and thousands of other items, the company has taken a sound view of the intelligence of the people who made it rich.

—J. K. Galbraith

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Haiti: an open-air market

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Franco and Salazar

NEXT ISSUE

Two Dictators - One Peninsula

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